

THE FUNERAL OF LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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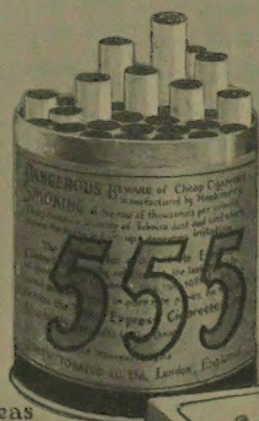
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1928.

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THE SIMPLE PASSING OF A GREAT STATESMAN: THE BURIAL OF LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH AT ALL SAINTS', SUTTON COURTNEY—THE COFFIN BEING BORNE FROM THE CHURCH TO THE GRAVE.

In obedience to Lord Oxford's written instructions that he should have "nothing in the nature of a public funeral," and his desire "to be buried with the utmost simplicity," the remains of the dead statesman were laid to rest in the churchyard of All Saints', Sutton Courtney, near his riverside home, The Wharf, on February 20. The ceremony was private, the only mourners being members of the family,

personal friends, and neighbours. The coffin had remained in the church throughout the previous night. The burial service was conducted by the Bishop of Oxford, and the choir of New College chanted "I am the Resurrection and the Life." In the photograph, Lady Oxford and Asquith and Mr. Anthony Asquith are seen heading the mourners. The Bishop of Oxford is seen preceding the coffin.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHAT we call personality (or what our American friends generally call personal'ty) has become the most impersonal thing in the world. Its pale and featureless face appears like a ghost at every corner and in every crowd. It has sometimes happened to me, as I suppose to most people, to find myself listening to the long discussions of an educational conference or a congress of school-masters and school-mistresses. Education ought to be an enthralling subject; and some of the discussions are really very interesting and intelligent. But few who have been to such assemblies will deny that now and then, after four or five hours of it, a faint desire is felt to change the subject and even change the environment. How frequently this has happened we need not discuss; but one thing I have definitely noticed, and will here take the liberty to note. If it ever did happen that, by some chance, the proceedings seemed a little unprofitably prolonged, if the speakers grew a little heavy and the hearers a little weary, if a succession of colourless and fatigued faces, of listless and lifeless voices, seemed to follow each other in a rather wordy and wearisome repetition of routine phrases—then, at that moment when everything seemed most grey and blank, the discussion was quite certain to turn upon what was called the Personality of the Teacher.

This paradox is in no way peculiar to the noble science of education. It is certainly in no way peculiar to those personalities or those teachers. It would be grossly unjust to imply that they were all impersonal; the only point is that at that moment they sounded like it. Doubtless in their own homes and schools they were personal enough. But then in their own homes and schools they would not be talking about personality. But there seems to be something about this self-conscious contemplation of the influence of the self that entirely deadens and discolours it. And we can observe the same thing in many other departments, which have less excuse for such abstract ideology. Individualism kills individuality, precisely because individualism has to be an "ism" quite as much as Communism or Calvinism. The economic and ethical school which called itself individualist ended by threatening the world with the flattest and dullest spread of the commonplace. Men, instead of being themselves, set out to find a self to be: a sort of abstract economic self identified with self-interest. But while the self was that of a man, the self-interest was generally that of a class or a trade or even an empire. So far from really remaining a separate self, the man became part of a communal mass of selfishness.

We see this in a very comic form in a great deal of American commerce and advertisement. The young man of business is urged to become a man of purpose, a man of power, a man of magnetic force—above all, a man of personality. And there is a picture of the man specially provided as a model, so that nobody may make the mistake of developing any other kind of personality. So long as they all keep their eyes on this portrait, and remain rigid in this posture, with exactly the correct angle of jaw and collar, they will all have the satisfaction of knowing that they are coming nearer and nearer to

the possession of a separate and independent personal'ty. The consequence to all these unfortunate beings is easily calculated. The consequence is that they all go about talking about individuality and liberty and all talking about it in exactly the same way. They go about looking alike, thinking alike, and (what is the most important point) not only becoming alike, but trying to become alike. A certain sort of neatness in the clothes, a certain sort of smoothness in the face, a certain sort of carriage of the head, becomes as mechanical as the Prussian goose-step. And yet each person is supposed to be exercising an exceptional and almost mesmeric power and charm. Sometimes

to be read by millions and millions of people; and then he says he is communicating a Secret of keeping young or avoiding rheumatism. Nobody will be able to make any sense of that. It will seem to be (as it is) far stupider than saying that a sultan is the brother of the sun and moon or that a king is the breath of his people's nostrils. This sort of thing is absurd enough as applied to pills or patent foods. It is sheer madness as applied to personality. The whole point of this romance of personality, such as it is, is that the man is to surprise his fellow-creatures by the possession of some special or dominant superiority. The kind commercial gentlemen are to tell the poor clerk what is the Secret of Success. Of course, they do not tell him the Secret of Success, because there is none to tell. But if they do tell it, they obviously ought to whisper it. If they shout it at a hundred and fifty million other clerks at the same moment, it is equally obvious that it cannot possibly be a Secret and that it cannot possibly lead him to a Success. It can only lead, as I have said, to the spectacle of all those millions of clerks doing and saying the same thing and failing in it as usual. But the absurd pretence of the personal whisper is still kept up; our commercial magnates are like the savage king in the "Bab Ballads," whose whisper was a horrible yell. But savages are generally not so stupid as to contradict themselves like that.

As a matter of fact, much more marked personalities were produced under the old traditions, which are now described as traditions of restraint and inhibition. An actual man like Sir Thomas More or Dr. Johnson emerges as much more individual and independent from a painful and sturdy struggle to keep the Ten Commandments. And these personalities do really remain personal, in the sense that they possess the only way of being themselves. The secret of being Samuel Johnson really was a secret, and

Samuel Johnson kept it. St. Francis of Assisi really remained individual, because he remained inimitable. If we want character, in the old unique sense of being "a character," we are much more likely to find it in Christians who accepted the Imitation of Christ than in all these millions of materialists who are taught to imitate each other. The truth is that there is arising out of all this hustle and sham psychology of success a sort of abstract type or ideal, which has much of the character of a religion, but which really restricts the imagination much more than the old religion. It is the pattern of a person fitted precisely for the mechanical arrangements of a modern commercial town; and almost any one of the great religions of the past was something more than the encouragement of a local and temporary type. Islam is suited to the merchant of the Baghdad bazaar as well as to the Bedouin of the desert; Puritanism could be made to fit the Boer farmer as well as the Balham grocer; and Catholicism is more Catholic than either. But this false cult of Personality and Will only pretends to produce one kind of person who wills one kind of thing. And the fact that it happens to possess a machinery of propaganda and publicity much vaster and more rapid than any of the old methods of conversion makes it all the more (to my mind) a sweeping and universal calamity.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH GOES FOR A DRIVE:
THE MOST POPULAR BABY IN THE EMPIRE WITH
HER NURSE.

The Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York and, without doubt, the most-talked-of baby in the Empire, is here seen leaving 145, Piccadilly, her parents' home, for a drive.

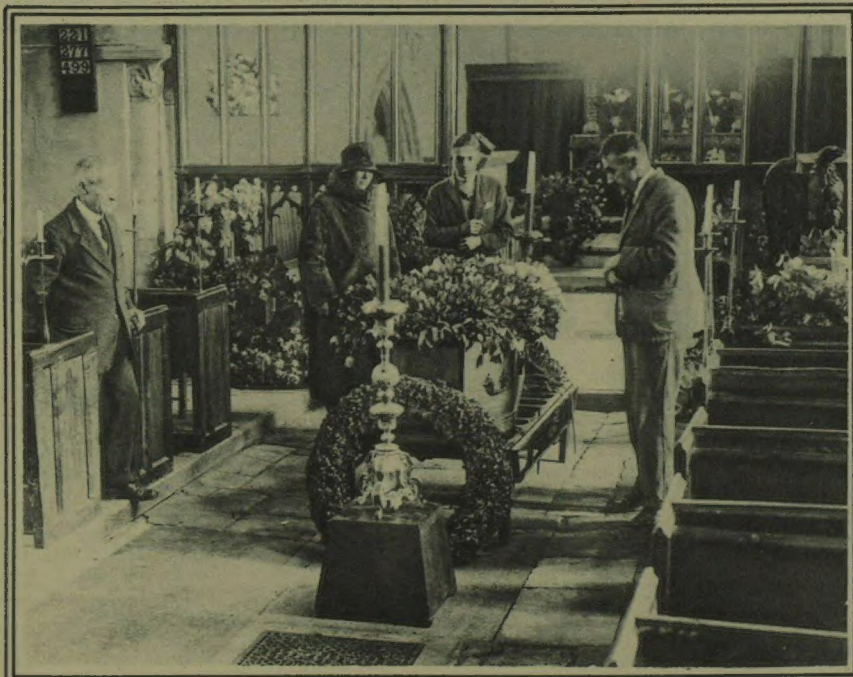
the advertisement actually offers to tell the young man the Secret of power and charm.

There are two or three things, at least, in which we shall appear to our descendants as almost incredible idiots. There are things we do and say that are so wildly and ravingly against reason that people will puzzle over them more than we do over what seems the most cryptic or crabbed superstition of the past. There is a great deal of what is called publicity that will have this stark and startling appearance of tomfoolery. But, above all, there is this towering tomfoolery of pretending to combine publicity with secrecy. A sane posterity will simply be unable to imagine what we can have meant by using the word "secret" in that sense. A man writes in colossal letters across the top of all the chimney-pots in London something that he means

LORD OXFORD'S FUNERAL: LAST RITES IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.



THE SIMPLE BURIAL OF LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH IN THE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD CLOSE TO HIS BERKSHIRE HOME AT SUTTON COURTNEY: THE GATHERING AT THE GRAVESIDE, SHOWING LADY OXFORD (JUST ABOVE A POINTED TOMBSTONE) AND (TO RIGHT OF HER) LADY VIOLET BONHAM-CARTER, PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO, AND (BEHIND THE LATTER, TO THE RIGHT) MR. ANTHONY ASQUITH.



NEIGHBOURS PAYING A LAST TRIBUTE TO "A REAL FRIEND OF ALL THE VILLAGERS": THE COFFIN IN ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, SUTTON COURTNEY, WHERE IT RESTED ALL NIGHT BEFORE THE FUNERAL.

In accordance with his own expressed wishes (as we have noted under the photograph on our front page) Lord Oxford was buried "with the utmost simplicity," on February 20, in the village churchyard at All Saints', Sutton Courtney, close to the house which had been his home for the last sixteen years. Throughout the previous night the coffin had rested in the aisle of the parish church, with two beautiful wreaths of tulips upon it from Lady Oxford and the late Earl's sons and daughters. The funeral was of a private character, for relatives, friends, and neighbours, but there was a great gathering from the countryside to pay a last tribute to one who has been called "a real friend of all the villagers and a



RELATIVES ARRIVING FOR THE FUNERAL: A GROUP INCLUDING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT IN THE FRONT ROW) LORD OXFORD'S DAUGHTERS, PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO AND LADY VIOLET BONHAM-CARTER.

sympathiser in all their joys and sorrows." Among the members of the family seen in our photographs are Lady Oxford, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, Princess Antoine Bibesco, and the Hon. Anthony Asquith. In the congregation were also Lord Reading, Lord and Lady Gladstone, Mr. Augustine Birrell, and Sir James Barrie. There was a great mass of floral tributes, including wreaths from the King of the Belgians, the Prime Minister, the Dominions, various Liberal organisations (one wreath being inscribed by Mr. Lloyd George), the Mayor and burgesses of Morley, Yorkshire (Lord Oxford's birthplace), and the City of London School ("in proud memory of an Old Citizen"). A memorial service was held in Westminster Abbey on Feb. 21.

"Cherchez Armand! Cherchez Léon!"

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"THE PELTZER CASE": By GÉRARD HARRY.*

(PUBLISHED BY GEOFFREY BLES.)

AS Ford would have had it, quaintly, "there is birdlime in the very letters" *Peltzer*, for if ever a case was calculated to hold the criminologist, the psychologist, and the curious, it is the one associated with that name.

The circumstances leading to crime, suspicion, detection, and trial may be said to have had their beginnings at Antwerp on Dec. 26, 1872, when Guillaume Bernays, a young lawyer of considerable promise, was married to Julie Pecher. The union, never more than tolerated by the bride's parents, proved unhappy, and after the birth of her son Madame announced that, while she would not desert her home and much less her child, she had determined to live apart from her husband.

Thus matters were when Bernays met and introduced to his house Armand Peltzer, a widower with a three-year-old daughter, who had come to the city in an endeavour to save his pride from the fall threatening it through a projected prosecution of his brothers Léon and James on a charge of fraudulent bankruptcy due to the former's distinctly doubtful honesty.

"Elegantly dressed, his eyes shadowed with interesting melancholy, and the halo of brotherly sacrifice on his brow, at twenty-seven years of age Armand made an attractive figure, and then there was his little motherless daughter. . . . It was more than enough to kindle the sympathy of the young mother with the hair of flame and the wonderful sea-green eyes, whose days were filled with thoughts of self-sacrifice and charity. Here was a kindred spirit, one who would understand her and whom she could understand."

The inevitable happened. Bernays was unsuspecting—in truth, so far as his wife was concerned, he had no cause for suspicion, for she was not unfaithful to him then or afterwards—and "perhaps in his heart of hearts the platonic husband hid the hope that one day Armand's conciliating influence might bring back to him again the woman who bore his name." Armand, in fact, was very much one of the family—the Big Brother. But servants began to gossip and to spy through keyholes.

Then, in the eighth year, Bernays began to believe tattle. In rage, he flourished a revolver, but his friend 'called God to witness the infamy of Amélie's allegations and the innocence of his affections for Mme. Bernays.' Two days later he was at his usual place at the table. Again innuendoes and accusations, and this time Bernays forbade Armand his hospitality: "It is hard for me, believe it, to break an old friendship—my only friendship—but you realise no less than I that it must be so, for the sake of your own loyalty, for the honour of my good name, and for the peace of all concerned."

Armand sought reconciliation; but the letter he wrote to Bernays was returned unopened—marked "Refused." David and Jonathan became bitter enemies. A while, and one day early in December the lawyer received a letter from Hamburg, written in English and signed Henry Vaughan. It asked advice as to company registration, for which a cheque for five hundred francs was enclosed, and the questioner appeared to know so little of Bernays that he addressed him as Berneys. Bernays replied and Vaughan requested a personal consultation, in Brussels. The appointment made was cancelled, as were others. Then the stranger suggested "could not the lawyer himself make the journey from Antwerp to Brussels, where Vaughan had just rented a house at 159, rue de la Loi, quite close to the station where Bernays would arrive?" It was against etiquette, but the lawyer, ever ready to earn a fee, decided to go.

On the 7th of January, 1882, Guillaume Bernays went to Brussels. "His fate was to come upon him with overwhelming swiftness. Henry Vaughan, watching for his arrival from behind the curtains of the house in the rue de la Loi, ran downstairs to open the door. In three minutes Bernays was dead. A shot aimed at the back of his head had shattered his skull where he stood."

As Bernays did not return home as expected, anxiety was felt; but the police were not informed of his disappearance until the eleventh. All were at fault until the body was found on the nineteenth. "What chance or what chain of brilliant deduction led to the discovery? It was a letter, addressed to 'The Coroner of Antwerp,' dated the 16th of January, from Bâle, written in English, and signed Henry Vaughan." It stated that "Bernays'

death had been caused by an accident which happened on the 7th of January. Vaughan had been showing him a revolver, which had somehow gone off and killed the lawyer, and he, a foreigner, aghast at what had happened, had lost his head and run away. He was then taking his wife and child to the South of France for a change of air, but would return as soon as possible, and place himself in the hands of the law."

The corpse, then, was revealed—stretched out in an arm-chair in the study of the deserted house. "Traces of blood were found on his moustache and on the carpeted

attention of the magistrate, M. Ketels. In the sleeve of a vest Vaughan had left behind in the house, and in the comb found in the small bedroom, a few fair hairs had been discovered, whereas everyone who had met him unanimously declared Vaughan's hair to be black. Was it possible that they were dealing with a criminal disguised by a wig and a clever make-up?"

There were other points. "This 'Englishman' who wrote, and spoke, officially, only English, had been heard by several people talking Spanish, and once Flemish. Then, again, had he not carefully removed all buttons and tell-tale tabs from the clothes he left behind, and which were later found to have been bought in Paris? And, finally, nothing came of the promise to return to Brussels and give himself up, and no trace of him had been found in Bâle."

Suspicion turned eyes away from the mysterious, elusive Vaughan. "If Armand was the only person interested in the death of Bernays, and if Henry Vaughan was the false name, of a false Englishman, with false hair, a false husband and *paterfamilias*, what more likely than that he should be the real Léon Peltzer, the happy-go-lucky bachelor, the wanderer on the face of the earth? He might easily have come over from America disguised, on purpose to do the job for his brother, the brother who had been so good to him in the

past that now he could refuse him nothing, not even this. "Invisible hands began to write in chalk on the walls in Antwerp, like a prophetic *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, the audacious words 'Cherchez Armand! Cherchez Léon!'"

Thus it came that, in turn, Armand and Léon were arrested—the latter as he was about to leave Cologne for Austria. At the grimly dramatic trial the astounding truth was wrung from witnesses and from circumstantial evidence.

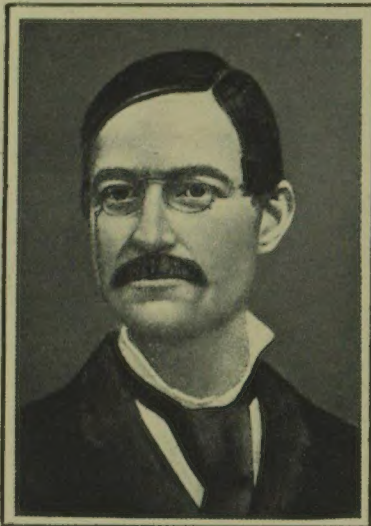
Léon had, indeed, hastened from America at his passion-ridden brother's call, and had slain at his bidding—to pay his debt of gratitude to that brother and that alone, for he had nothing whatsoever to gain for himself, not a penny, not the satisfaction of avenging an injury; nothing: he merely rendered thanks! And throughout he insisted on his brother's innocence, shouldering all the blame for the "accident," as he called the killing to the end: it was a great lie.

His was the hand; but the head was Armand's. Léon had been known to say in Buenos Aires: "Criminals always take too many precautions after the crime and never enough before"; but it was evident that Armand had created Vaughan. His was the subtlety that set the business lure for the covetous lawyer; made the innocent, "so English" slip Bernays for Bernays; schemed the letter to "The Coroner," a functionary unknown to Belgian law; and arranged for the "Henry and Lucy" ring which, bearing the date 1871, was proved to have been purchased and engraved in 1881. It is probable also, though not proven, that he entered the house in the rue de la Loi after the murder and posed the body in the chair. Assuredly such a "sinister Comedian," as Crown counsel called him, would not have hesitated. Did he not face the most gruesome items of evidence with equanimity and himself hold up before the jury that part of the blood-stained carpet which bore the impression of his foot, according to the Prosecution, and the impression of Vaughan's knee (or Léon's) according to the Defence?

That is one of the "incredible" phases of a crime well called incredible, so bizarre was it. The other is even more unimaginable and would be unbelievable had it not been proved by an unquestionable "pedigree."

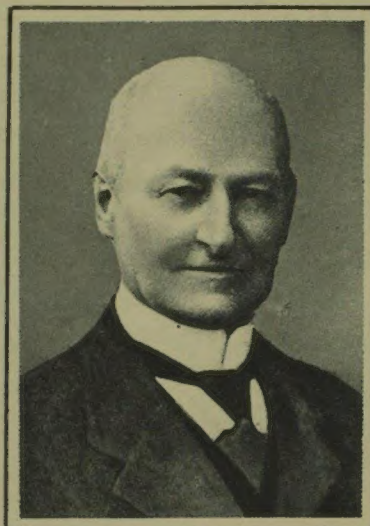
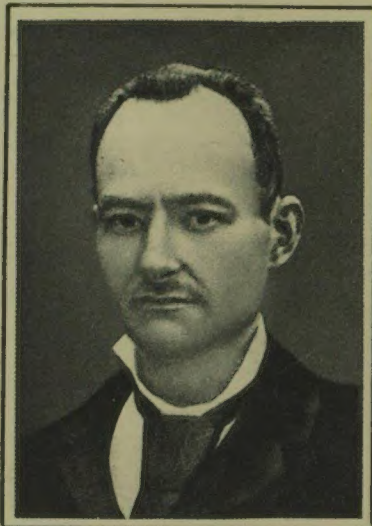
After a trial far more theatrical than any stage play—a trial which disclosed an over-elaboration of false-scents, and such significant lapses as faked documents, recognisable hand-writing, an unexplained yellow trunk, cartridges thrown into a cess-pool, the testing of the noise made by a revolver, the removal of a Léon portrait from a family album, and the use of telegraph forms identified by accidental blots and scratches—the brothers were found guilty and sentenced to death. That they were not executed is due to the facts that they were saved from the fury of the mob and that there is no capital punishment in Belgium. Armand died in prison two years and four months later. Léon was a captive for thirty years, refusing to exercise because he would have had to don the shameful livery of the convict's cloak and soliloquising to the spiders in his cell—and for some of

(Continued on page 328.)



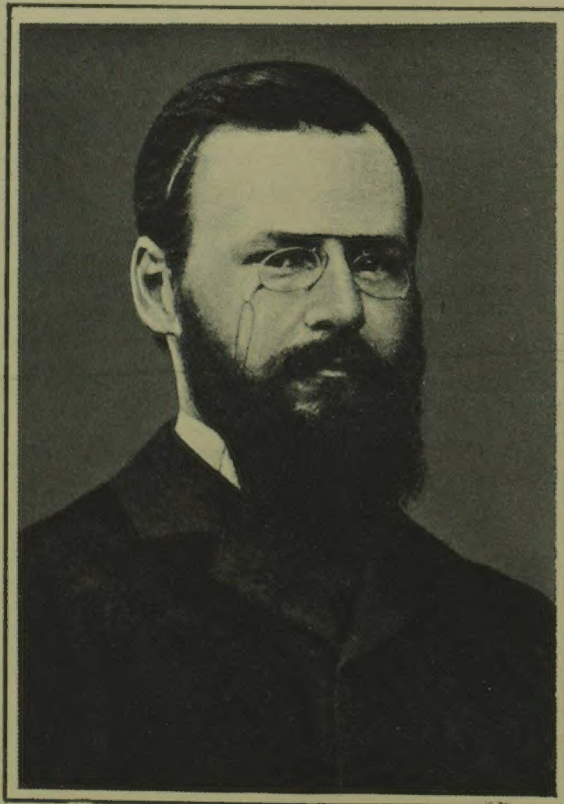
THE MAN WHO MURDERED TO PAY HIS DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO HIS BROTHER: LÉON PELTZER — AS HENRY VAUGHAN; AS HE WAS AT THE TIME OF THE CRIME; AND AS HE WAS IN HIS OLD AGE AFTER THIRTY YEARS IN PRISON. (LEFT TO RIGHT.)

Reproduced from "The Peltzer Case," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Geoffrey Bles.



floor. A gas lamp was still burning—eleven days after—forgotten in the confusion of the flight. Then scattered about the place were a number of visiting cards, some inscribed Henry Vaughan, and others bearing the names of various lawyers in Bremen and Hamburg. Finally, proving that the mysterious Englishman was indeed, as he declared, a respectable married man, a gold wedding ring, engraved with the names 'Henry and Lucy, 1871,' was found lying by the lavatory basin."

The hue-and-cry after Vaughan began. The results were strange. Traces of him were apparent enough. In Brussels he seemed to have strewn "clues" everywhere, clues that showed him to be the English business man he said he was. "However, one or two details that would have delighted the heart of Sherlock Holmes attracted the

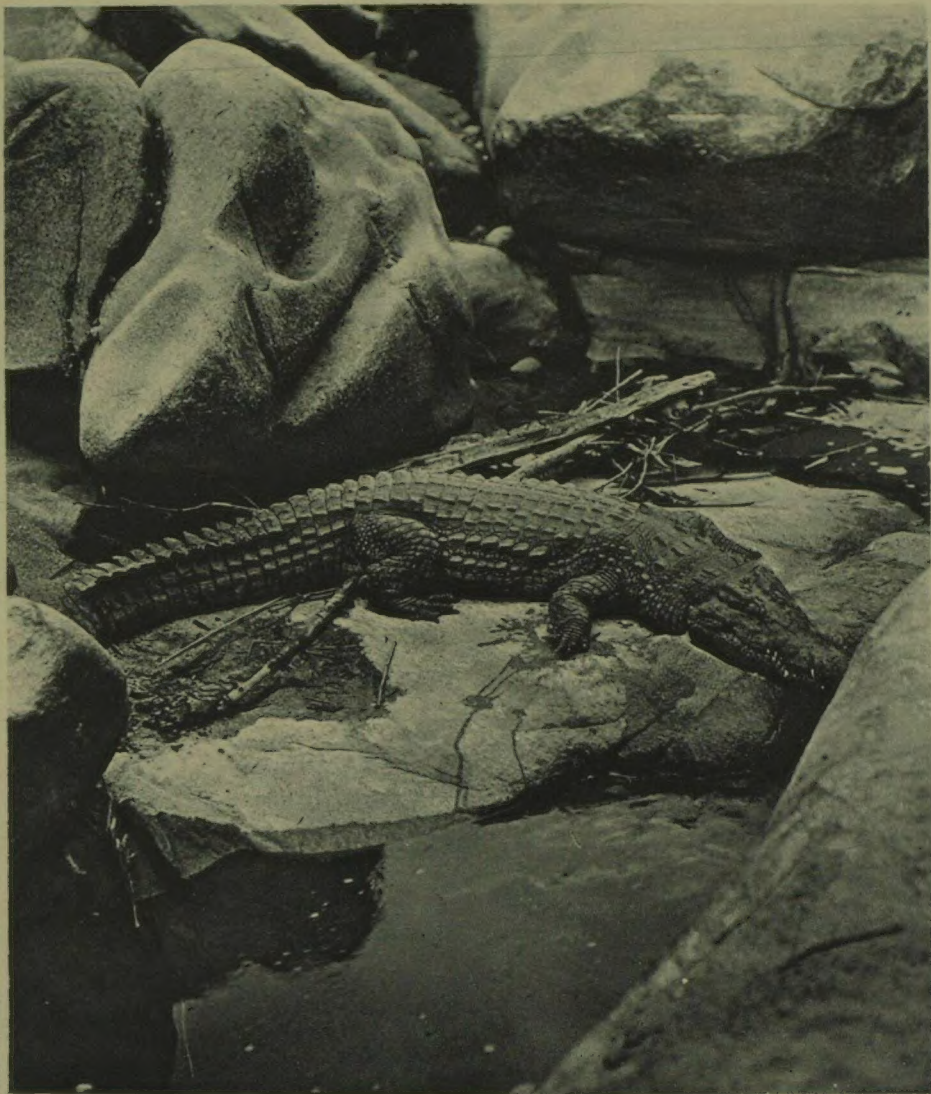


THE BRAIN TO HIS BROTHER LÉON'S HAND: ARMAND PELTZER, THE "SINISTER COMEDIAN."

Reproduced from "The Peltzer Case," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Geoffrey Bles.

* "The Peltzer Case." By Gérard Harry. (Geoffrey Bles; 10s. 6d. net.—Famous Trials Series; Edited by George Dilot.)

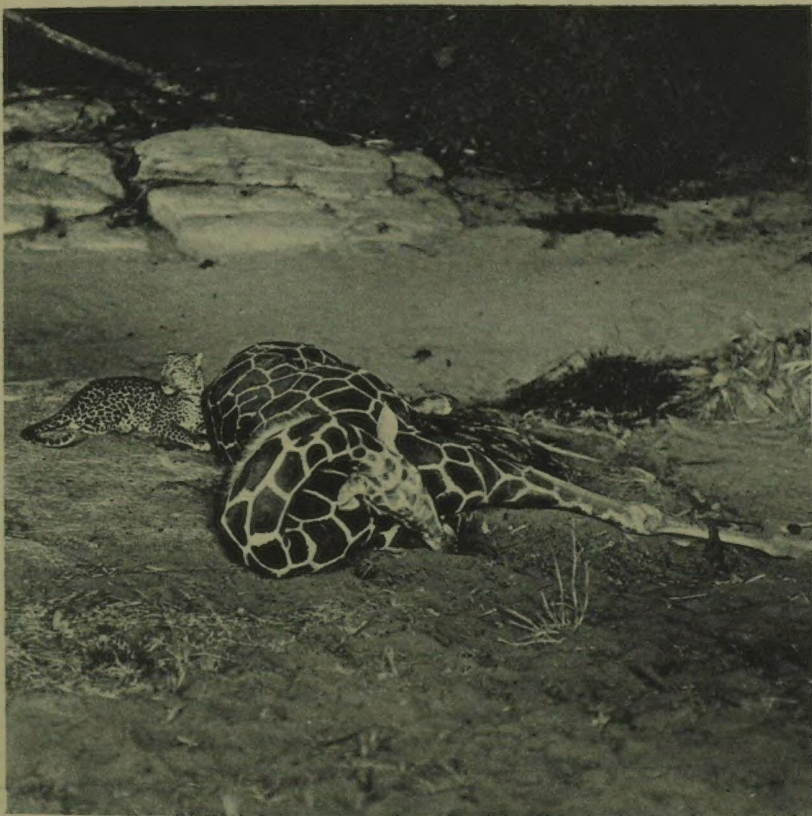
A RIVAL TO "CHANG": THE NEW ANIMAL FILM "SIMBA."



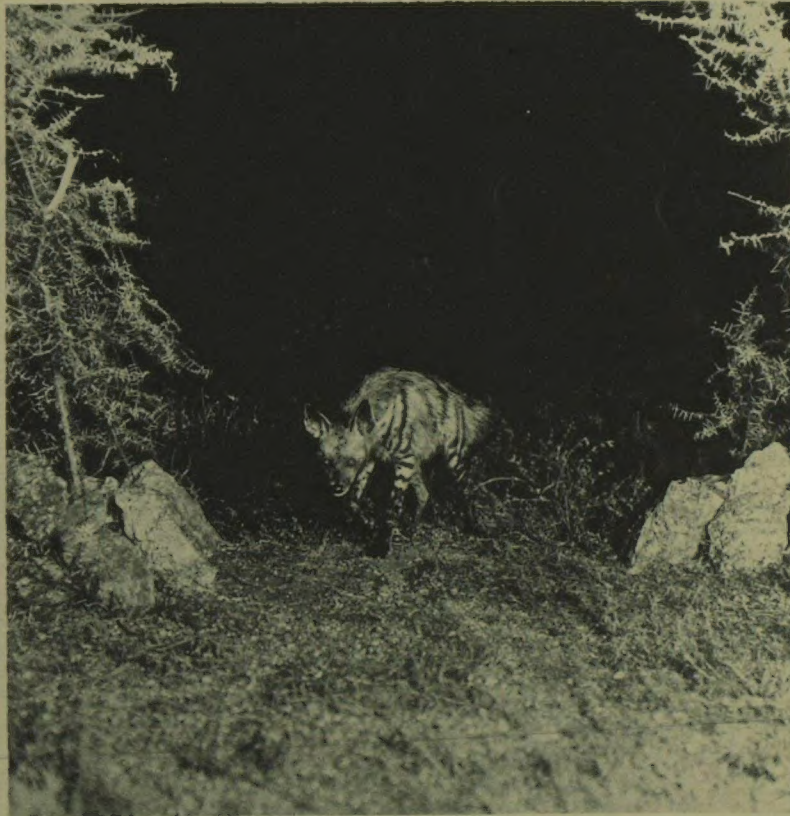
A CROCODILE SNAPSHOTTED WHILE ASLEEP: AN UNCONSCIOUS "STAR" OF THE WILD ANIMAL FILM "SIMBA," WHICH WAS TAKEN DURING THE MARTIN JOHNSON EAST AFRICAN EXPEDITION.



A CIVET CAT LEAPING AT A PIECE OF MEAT HUNG UP ON A TREE: ONE OF THE PICTURES WHICH RESULTED FROM MANY WEEKS OF NOISELESS WATCHING FOR MATERIAL FOR "SIMBA."



A LEOPARD BESIDE A GIRAFFE FROM WHICH IT WAS ABOUT TO MAKE A MEAL: THE BEAST ON THE ALERT, SUSPICIOUS OF AN UNKNOWN DANGER.

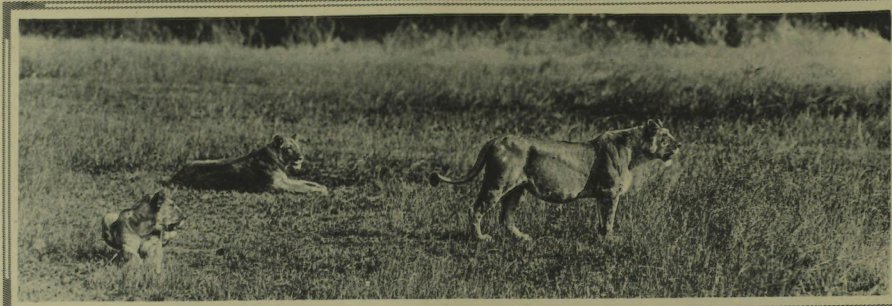


THE CUNNING HYENA: SLINKING TOWARDS THE BAIT PLACED TO LURE IT TO A SPOT AT WHICH IT COULD BE SNAPSHOTTED FOR THE FILM.

Our readers will recall numerous occasions on which we have illustrated by means of remarkable pictures the art of the hunter with the camera, the difficult art of snapshotting wild beasts at home. The particular reproductions here given, which add materially to those already recorded, were taken during the recent East African Expedition of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson for the purpose of making the film "Simba." It need scarcely be said that the work of securing

the photographs meant endless patience and no little danger, to say nothing of skill and ingenuity. "Simba" is being shown at the Earl Carroll Theatre, New York, and will, no doubt, reach this country in due course. Meantime, that other very remarkable animal film, "Chang," has again been revived before its general release, and is to be seen at the Polytechnic Theatre, in Regent Street, where it is evidently certain of another popular run.

POSING, ALL-UNCONSCIOUSLY, FOR A FILM: WILD BEASTS OF



LIONESSES IN THE OPEN: A GROUP IN TANGANYIKA TERRITORY, TAKEN FOR THE CINEMATOGRAPH FILM "SIMBA" DURING THE MARTIN JOHNSON EXPEDITION.



AN ELEPHANT SURPRISED AS HE WAS ABOUT TO TAKE HIS "NIGHTCAP": AN OLD BULL, WHO HAD BEEN DOOMED TO LIVE IN SOLITUDE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY FLASH-LIGHT.

The film "Simba" is more than a record of a wild animal hunting expedition in East Africa, for, like "Chang," it tells a definite story—in this case, the tale of lions warring against a tribe in Tanganyika. The pictures speak for themselves. It may be interesting, however, to give a personal note as to the leaders of the Expedition of which they are a result. Concerning them, a correspondent writes: "Martin Johnson, explorer and camera-hunter of wild animals, is an American who, as a boy, dreamed constantly of travel and adventure. At school, the usual sports did not interest him; with the result that he was classed as unsociable and left to wander by himself. In this way, he learned a good deal about the animal life of that part of Kansas in which he lived. Then he ran away to Chicago and became an hotel 'hop.' Tired of this, he worked his way East and got a job as a cattle-tender on a boat sailing for Liverpool. For a year he was in Whitechapel, almost starving. To escape from this, he stowed away on an American ship returning to New

EAST AFRICA PHOTOGRAPHED IN THEIR HAUNTS FOR "SIMBA."



A LIONESS READY TO DEFEND HER KILL: THE BEAST PAUSING DURING HER MEAL, STARTLED INTO WATCHFULNESS BY AN UNUSUAL SOUND IN HER VICINITY.



BLACK RHINOCEROSES SNAPSHOTTED AT CLOSE QUARTERS IN THE WILDS OF EAST AFRICA: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITH THE AID OF A FLASH-LIGHT.

York; and while in her he read that Jack London was planning a cruise round the world in the 'Snark.' As soon as he could, he wrote to the famous novelist, asking if he might join him. He got a reply that he could come if he could cook. He could not cook, but taught himself to do so, and was accepted. This enterprise ended suddenly in the South Seas, and for twelve months or so Johnson studied life there; the while becoming interested in the cinematograph cameras of a stranded French cinematographer, and learning to operate them. As sequel, he became a lecturer, illustrating his remarks with pictures. Meantime, he had met and married Miss Osa Leighty, of Chanute, who was afterwards to accompany him on all his trips. The next journey resulted in the pictures 'Captured by Cannibals' and 'Head-Hunters of the South Seas.' Africa then called; and the latest result of that call is the film 'Simba,' which took four years to make."

THE ETRUSCAN LANGUAGE DECIPHERED? A GREAT DISCOVERY OF COGNATE INTEREST.

RICH TREASURES OF ATTIC AND ETRUSCAN POTTERY FOUND AT THE NECROPOLIS OF SPINA.

By Professor FEDERICO HALBHERR. (See further Illustrations on the opposite Page.)

Great interest was aroused in archaeological circles by the recent report that Professor Alfredo Trombetti, of Bologna, had succeeded in deciphering the Etruscan language, and would communicate his results to the International Congress of Languages to be held at the Hague from April 10 to 14, and to the Etrurian Congress at Florence during the same month. He will also publish a book on the subject. The Etruscan civilisation has hitherto remained something of a mystery, and the possibility of interpreting Etruscan inscriptions would throw fresh light on the early history of northern Italy. In this connection the discovery of a great necropolis in Etruscan territory, described by Professor Halbherr in the following article, is of special interest, in that the announcement emanates from Bologna, and the treasures of pottery found in the tombs, although at present mostly of Attic origin, include several examples of local Etruscan work. The necropolis of Spina (the name of the ancient town that once stood there) is situated in the marshes of Comacchio, near Ravenna.

NEWS from Bologna and a report of Dr. Negrioli to the Royal Academy of the Lincei at Rome announce the discovery of an extraordinarily rich necropolis in the territory of the Felsinian or north-eastern Etruscans at Valle Trebba, a locality situated in the Lagoon of Comacchio, not far from Ravenna, where the River Po flows with its seven mouths into the Adriatic. More than five hundred tombs have been already excavated, the great majority of which were full of Greek vases of every description and of great artistic value, being chiefly large amphoras, hydrias, craters, cups, bowls, and so on, of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., decorated with red figures on a black ground. As only a small portion of the extensive cemetery, owing to the difficulty of working in the mud, has been brought to light with such results, it is to be expected that, at the end of the excavations, the complete harvest in painted pottery from this spot will form, in the Museum of Bologna, one of the greatest collections of Attic vases in the world.

It is to be noted that between the mouths of the river—that is, in the middle of its delta—a Greek commercial factory, like that of Naucratis in Egypt—though not of such large proportions—was founded in very ancient times. This settlement grew very soon to the importance of a flourishing commercial town, which was called Spina, and it was Athens and Attic trade that, even in face of competition from Dionysius and Syracuse, had

control of the great emporia in this section of the upper Adriatic. We possess one Attic inscription of the fourth century B.C., which deals with the despatch of a fleet with colonists in order to reinforce the ancient plantations, to keep open the

Plain, and to try to assure for themselves a monopoly in that trade. The other town in the Po region which was under Greek influence was Hadria, but Spina seems to have been the richer of the two. We know from Strabo that the Spinians had dedicated a thesaurus at Delphi.

The chief articles exported from Athens to the North Etruscan coast of the Adriatic were manufactures and objects of art, of which the Etruscans and other less civilised populations of the upper Adriatic Gulf were very fond. In particular, pottery, both for common use and luxury, was greatly in request, and we can imagine the commercial ships of the Athenians filled with cases of earthenware and precious painted vessels on their way to the north, and returning on their homeward voyage to the south laden with a cargo of corn and cattle.

The innumerable painted vases found in the necropolis at Spina are, in fact, all Attic. None of the other excavations made of late in Italy has added so brilliant a page to the history of the Attic pottery trade. One would imagine that the spade was working in an Attic necropolis if it were not for the variations in the burial rites, which indicate rather a difference of races than of period. Incineration and inhumation are both used in the interments.

From the presence of some common articles and also of vessels of local workmanship, some are inclined to attribute the necropolis to the Etruscan population of the hinterland of Spina, while others are inclined to regard it as the actual

cemetery of this Greek town, into which some local elements could easily have penetrated as a result of daily intercourse. But of the town or settlement of Spina itself no trace has yet come to light.

We may doubt, indeed, whether this town, or its remains, will ever be discovered at all, as we know from Strabo that already in his time—that is, at the end of the first century B.C.—it had been almost obliterated by the erosion of the river and overwhelmed by the continually growing mass of mud, so that only a "small hamlet" remained of what was once a "glorious Greek city."

We may add that, from the time of Strabo until the present century, owing to the unceasing accumulation of slime and

sand, the sea has receded to a considerable distance, and the coast-line now runs more than a mile away to the eastward.



TWO FINE OINOCHOE (WINE-JARS) FROM THE NECROPOLIS OF SPINA: (LEFT) ONE DECORATED WITH A FLYING EAGLE; (RIGHT) ANOTHER WITH PAINTED FIGURES OF THREE AMAZONS (THE THIRD IS AT THE BACK) DRESSED IN ASIATIC COSTUME.



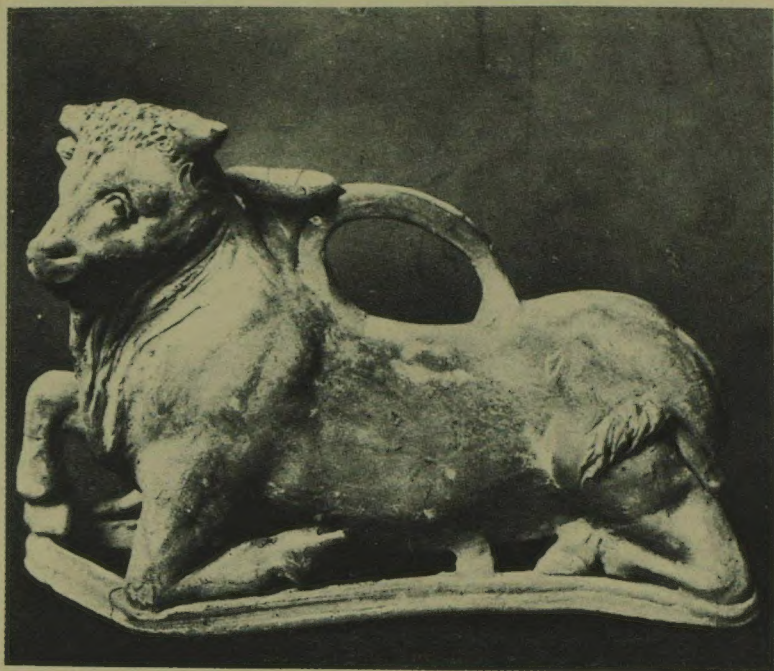
TYPICAL OF THE CONDITION IN WHICH MANY OF THE GRAVES IN THE NECROPOLIS OF SPINA WERE DISCOVERED: REMAINS OF A BURIED BODY WITH FUNERARY ARTICLES ALMOST DECOMPOSED BY MUD AND WATER.

Photographs by the Royal Academy dei Lincei, supplied by Professor Halbherr.

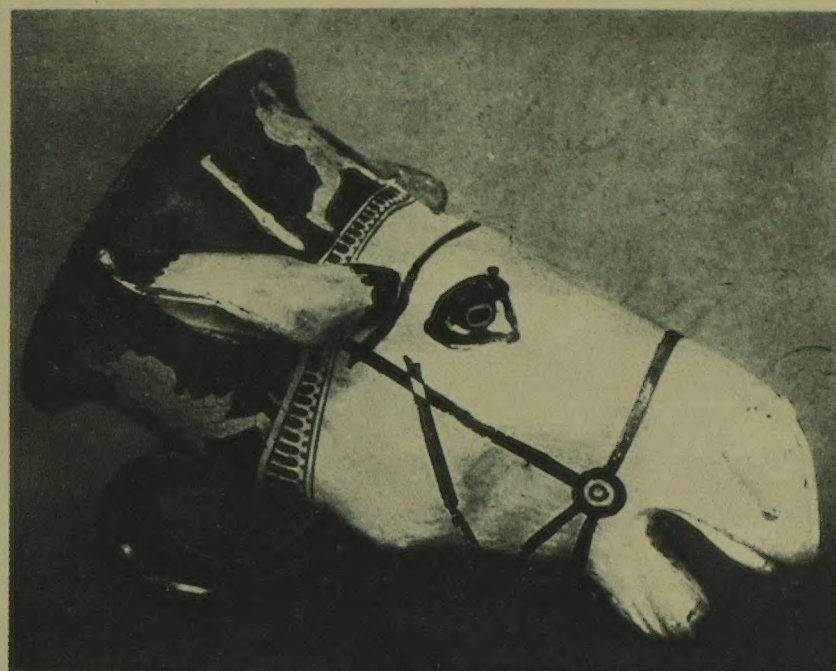
and safe; so the Athenian merchants began very early to fix their attention on the great corn supplies of the rich and still little-known Padan

THE ETRUSCAN LANGUAGE RIDDLE SOLVED? COGNATE DISCOVERIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ROYAL ACADEMY DEI LINCEI, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR F. HALBHERR (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE).



AN ETRUSCAN VASE (ASKOS) IN THE FORM OF A KNEELING BULL: A REALISTIC FIGURE, WITH THE MOUTH OF THE VESSEL, AND A HANDLE, ON THE BACK OF THE ANIMAL.



A REMARKABLE PAINTED RHYTON (LIBATION CUP) IN THE SHAPE OF A HORSE'S HEAD: ONE OF THE ONLY TWO VASES OF THIS TYPE FOUND IN THE ETRUSCAN NECROPOLIS OF SPINA.



A GREEK AMPHORA DECORATED WITH THREE AMAZONS IN ASIATIC DRESS: ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF ATTIC VASE-PAINTING FOUND IN THE SPINA NECROPOLIS.

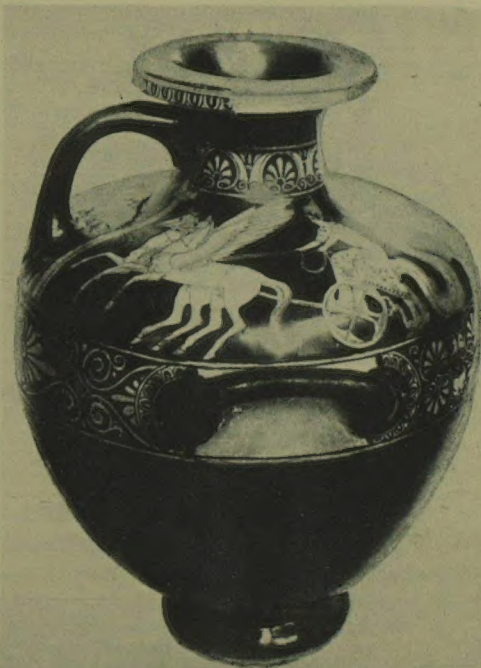


ANOTHER EXQUISITE GREEK AMPHORA FROM THE NECROPOLIS AT SPINA: A VASE PAINTED WITH A FIGURE OF ZEUS HOLDING THE CHILD DIONYSUS, BETWEEN TWO NYMPHS.

BEARING A SCENE UNIQUE IN GREEK ART—CLYTEMNESTRA SLAYING CASSANDRA: A MAGNIFICENT ATTIC KYLIX FOUND, WITH THREE OTHER VASES, IN A GRAVE AT SPINA.



A GREAT HYDRIA (WATER-JAR) FOUND IN THE SPINA NECROPOLIS: A THREE-HANDLED VESSEL PAINTED WITH A SCENE REPRESENTING PELEUS PURSUING THETIS.



The archæological world was stirred a few days ago by a report, issued from Rome, that Professor Alfredo Trombetti, of Bologna, had succeeded in deciphering the hitherto unknown language of the Etruscans, and that at the forthcoming Etrurian International Congress to be held at Florence in April, he would submit translations of certain Etruscan inscriptions. At the moment of writing, no further news of this important claim has been published. Such an announcement, of course, enhances the already great interest of the discovery (described by Professor Halbherr in his article on the opposite page) of "an extraordinarily

rich necropolis in the territory of the Felsinian or north-eastern Etruscans at Valle Trebbia, a locality situated in the lagoon of Comacchio, not far from Ravenna," on the site of the ancient commercial town of Spina. Already more than 500 graves have been excavated, yielding a rich treasure of Attic pottery, along with examples of local Etruscan work. "It is to be expected," writes Professor Halbherr, "that at the end of the excavations the complete harvest in painted pottery from this spot will form, in the Museum of Bologna, one of the greatest collections of Attic vases in the world."

SHOWN IN DIORAMA AT THE WHITE CITY: THE PRINCE'S RANCH.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY MR. W. J. EDWARDS.



THE "ORIGINAL" OF THE DIORAMA IN THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR AT THE WHITE CITY: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S RANCH AT PEKISKO, ALBERTA—LOOKING WEST.



THE PRINCE'S HOME AS A CANADIAN FARMER: THE RANCH HOUSE SEEN FROM THE KITCHEN GARDEN—A VIEW LOOKING EAST TOWARD THE FOOT-HILLS BEYOND.



IN THE ADDED SECTION OF THE RANCH HOUSE CONSTRUCTED IN READINESS FOR THE PRINCE'S VISIT LAST SUMMER: A CORNER OF THE NEW RECEPTION-ROOM.



ONE OF THE ADDITIONS TO THE RANCH HOUSE BUILT LAST YEAR BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE GEORGE: THE SUN ROOM IN THE NEW SECTION, WITH RUSTIC FURNITURE OF HICKORY WOOD.



THE CHINESE COOK BLOWING THE "DINNER BUGLE": A METHOD NECESSARY ON A 4300-ACRE RANCH WHERE MEN AT A DISTANCE WOULD NOT HEAR A BELL OR GONG.



SHOWING THE LETTERS "E.P." IN THE MORTAR POINTING, AND AN INDIAN CLUB-SHAPED STONE BETWEEN: THE NEW RECEPTION-ROOM FIREPLACE, WITH 250-LB. GERMAN SHELLS AS LAMP-STANDS.

The first of the above photographs gives a general view of the Prince of Wales's ranch in Canada similar to that represented in the diorama (seen on page 299) now exhibited in the British Industries Fair at the White City. The Prince recently renewed acquaintances with some of his neighbours from Alberta, when he received, at St. James's Palace, a party of some seventy Canadian farmers who have been touring this country under the auspices of the Canadian National Railways. The Prince welcomed them with delightful informality, as a "brother farmer," and thoroughly enjoyed chatting about stock and crops, local news, and old acquaintances. He regretted that, owing to outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease near his

Nottinghamshire farm, it would be unwise for them, for precautionary reasons, to see his own herds, but they subsequently inspected the King's cattle at Windsor. It will be recalled that the Prince, with his brother, Prince George, visited his Canadian ranch last August, in an interval of his tour with Mr. Baldwin. The ranch house had previously been extended by the addition of a new wing, with a sun-room commanding a westward view of the ranch and the Rocky Mountains in the distance. The new reception room has a fine stone fireplace constructed of native rock of many colours, all found on the Prince's own estate, which has an area of 4360 acres.

THE PRINCE'S CANADIAN RANCH: THE DIORAMA AND THE REALITY.

PHOTOGRAPHS (EXCEPT THE DIORAMA) SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY MR. W. J. EDWARDS.



AN EXAMPLE TO RANCH-OWNERS IN PROVIDING COMFORTABLE QUARTERS FOR THE MEN: THE NEW BUNK HOUSE, WITH EIGHT BED-ROOMS AND MODERN EQUIPMENT.



WITH THE GUARDS' RIBBON ON HIS "COWBOY" HAT, AND RED-AND-WHITE CHECK SHIRT. (HIS OWN SUGGESTIONS): THE MODEL OF THE PRINCE, RIDING GOPHIR, AN OLD POLO PONY, AND PROFESSOR CARLYLE (LEFT), ON MIDNIGHT, ANOTHER OF THE PRINCE'S PONIES, IN THE DIORAMA.



HOLDING ONE OF THE PRINCE'S PRIZE BULLS, "PRINCETON GOPHIR": PROFESSOR W. L. CARLYLE, THE 'ENERGETIC MANAGER OF THE ROYAL RANCH' AT PEKISKO, ALBERTA.



WINNER OF A FIRST PRIZE AND CHAMPIONSHIP AT THE CALGARY SHOW LAST YEAR: CARMEN, A FOUR-YEAR-OLD PERCHERON MARE, ON THE PRINCE'S CANADIAN RANCH.



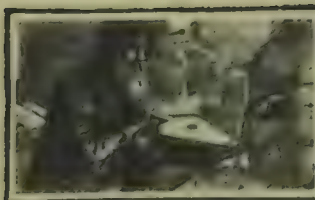
THE PEKISKO CREEK, BESIDE THE PRINCE'S RANCH, AS A PLACID STREAMLET: A LOG FOOT-BRIDGE SPANNING THE BROOK, AS IT WAS LAST MAY.



THE PEKISKO CREEK SWOLLEN TO A RUSHING TORRENT BY FLOODS FROM THE MOUNTAINS: THE SAME FOOTBRIDGE (AS IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH) AS IT WAS A FEW WEEKS LATER, IN JUNE.

The British Industries Fair at the White City, which it was arranged to open on February 20, contains a remarkably realistic diorama of the Prince of Wales's Canadian ranch, with a model of the Prince riding his old polo pony Gophir, and accompanied by his ranch manager, Professor W. L. Carlyle. After the Fair, the diorama will be installed in the Canadian Court of the Imperial Institute, where it was made. The Prince himself inspected and approved it while it was in preparation, and some interesting details have been published of his remarks on that occasion. He recognised his pony the moment he saw the model, and

whispered "Good old boy!" When consulted as to the colour of his own costume, he said: "Oh, give me a red-and-white check shirt, with a red-and-blue ribbon—the Guards' colours—round my hat." Then he added, with a smile: "Carlyle had a dirty grey shirt, but he looked jolly well in it. Let him wear that." When someone suggested that the colours might clash, the Prince laughingly replied: "It doesn't matter if they do. That is what I believe they call artistic license." It is interesting to compare the above photograph of the diorama with that of the actual ranch, given on page 298.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



STRANDED STARFISH—THE OYSTER'S FOES IN TROUBLE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

WE are indeed having a stormy winter, one which will be memorable in the annals of meteorology. The havoc caused has afforded us a very impressive demonstration of the height and fury to which a gale can attain, and the devastation it can leave in its track. Where the sea is concerned, however, we get really but a superficial view of the wreckage made by storms, and this chiefly in the sight of ships which have been mauled by the merciless pounding of mountainous waves, or the broken timbers strewn along the beach. Most of us, probably, take it for granted that the mischief begins and ends here. As a matter of fact, this is far from being the case; though even "those who

whole bed of oysters has been cleaned out in one night by their raids. Nevertheless, even the starfish is not altogether vile in the eyes of the oyster-culturist, since it preys on the dogwhelk and other molluscs which have acquired a taste for oysters. An oyster is not expected to die in his bed, but on a dinner-plate!

The particular kind of starfish to which I am referring is that familiar to us all as the "five-fingered starfish," where the "fingers" spread from a central disc. Long and extremely flexible, their under-surface bears deep grooves filled by a mass of writhing adhesive suckers. By their aid the creature walks about, and by their aid mussels, oysters, and other shell-fish are slowly done to death, eaten alive. Their captor rises on the tips of his fingers so that the central disc of the body comes to be supported on five pillars, which now form a cage enclosing the victim to be devoured. Some of the suckers take a grip of the ground; the rest are fastened on to the victim's shell, and by the steady strain of their relentless pull, the valves even of an oyster are drawn apart. The captor then proceeds to evert his stomach from his mouth into the open valves of his victim, and slowly digest the succulent mass within.

How many different kinds of starfish feed after this fashion we do not know, but it is possible only to such as have long, free arms and a sufficiently powerful armature of suckers. The largest of our native starfishes may measure over two feet from tip to tip of opposite fingers; this is the great spiny starfish, *Urosalpinx* *glacialis*; and is to be found on the rocky coasts of our northern waters. But we have two other kinds, very different in appearance. One of these, the cushion-star, *Asterina gibbosa* (Fig. 1), has its five fingers almost obliterated by the extension of the disc so that little more than the tips of the fingers

project; hence the name "cushion." It is of small size, not exceeding an inch and a-half across. The other type is known as the sunstar, a most excellent name, since its great round disc, fringed by twelve or more projecting rays or fingers, gives it a fanciful resemblance to the sun. Moreover, it is rather brilliantly coloured of a brick red, while the rays are alternately banded with red and white or yellow. It may measure as much as seven inches across.

We ought not, however, to rest content with a mere recognition of these several types: we ought to pause a moment, and ask whether any explanation is forthcoming as to why these several types have come into being. No certain answer, as yet, can be given to such a question. But we may take it that these marked differences of form have come about in adaptation to different modes

of life. The numbers of any given species are regulated by the food-supply. Where the demand

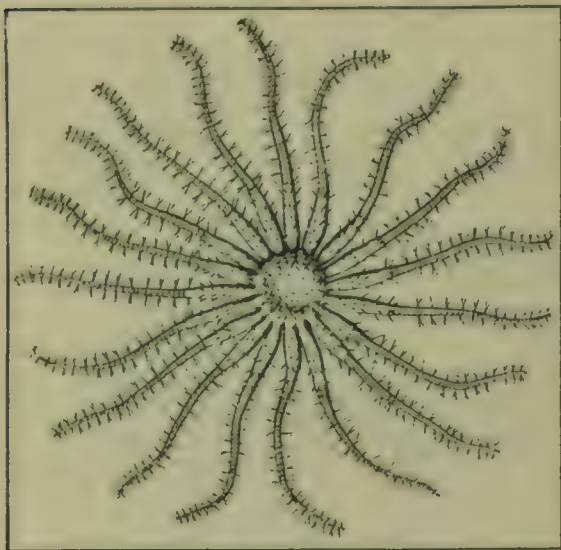


FIG. 2. FOUND ONLY AT GREAT DEPTHS: *ODINIA*, A VERY RARE AND REMARKABLE STARFISH WITH LONG AND BRITTLE ARMS.

Odinia is a very remarkable and rare species found only at great depths. The arms are of great length, and exceedingly brittle. In its general shape it recalls our Sun-star, but in this the disc is enormous, and the arms short.

go down to the sea in ships and see the wonders of the great deep," mostly, if not entirely, fail to realise the manifoldness of these wonders. They see only the surface-waters, and the creatures which haunt them: never dreaming of the yet stranger creatures beneath them, and of the shifts for a living which they have to make.

If the mariner kens so little of that hidden world over whose surface he glides, how should the mere landsman have knowledge thereof? Even those who make it their business to explore the "waters under the earth" glean no more than samples of this under-world. Yet this harvest suffices to reveal a seething, swirling galaxy of life, plant and animal, almost paralysing in its splendours and variety; while it shows that here too, as in that ocean of air at the bottom of which we live, there is the same grim struggle for existence going on. The larger fish live only by gobbling up the smaller fish, and these smaller ones by preying on creatures still smaller.

Every now and then, however, we get, so to speak, a "flash-light" picture of what is happening in these mysterious depths. We may have supposed that such as live on the sea-floor would reckon little of the fury of the waves above them: yet this is very far from being the case. Quite recently, it may be remembered, our newspapers told us of thousands of lobsters which had been thrown up by the sea after a great storm, and of myriads of starfish which were strewn along the beach for miles. It is clear that here the waves overhead had made themselves felt in no uncertain way: they had created a scour of the sea-floor which had swept all before it. Doubtless many other creatures had shared in this disaster, but they would have been taken little count of by the ordinary observer.

All disasters have their compensations. Thus this havoc among these starfish would bring joy to the heart of those in charge of oyster-beds, for starfish are here formidable pests; a



FIG. 1. A "PENTAGON" STARFISH, DIFFERING FROM THE COMMON SPECIES IN THE SHORTNESS OF ITS ARMS: THE "CUSHION-STAR" (*ASTERINA*).

The "Cushion-star" (*Asterina*) differs conspicuously from the common starfish in having extremely short arms, so that the body assumes a pentagonal shape. It is fairly common in rock-pools on some parts of our coast, though never exceeding an inch and a half in diameter.



FIG. 3. A BURROWING STARFISH EDGED WITH STONY PLATES AND PROVIDED WITH SPECIAL BREATHING ORGANS: *PORCELLANASTER*.

Porcellanaster is a burrowing species, and is remarkable for the series of large stony plates which run like a fillet round the edge of the body. Special breathing organs for this burrowing life are to be seen on the semi-circles between the two arms.



FIG. 4. WITH A BROOD-CHAMBER FOR ITS YOUNG (INDICATED BY A BRISTLE THRUST INTO AN APERTURE (A) IN THE CENTRE): *PTERASTER STELLIFER*, A "VERY EXTRAORDINARY" SPECIES OF DEEP-WATER STARFISH.

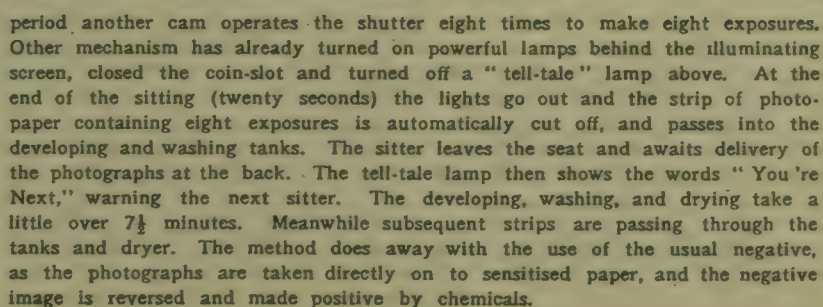
Pteraster is a very rare British species, from deep water. In its general form it recalls the Cushion-star, but differs therefrom in one very important particular. This is the "false-back," which is formed by a delicate membrane stretched between the spines to form a sort of tent. In the enclosed space lies a chamber used as a "brood-chamber." A bristle has been passed through an aperture (A) of this tent into the space beneath.

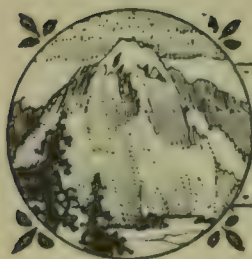
tends to exceed the supply, some must go hungry, and perforce make shift with the "next best thing" to the usual diet. This means tapping a new source of food. Some may find it a veritable "food of the gods," because of some inherent plasticity in their organisation which responds quickly and sympathetically to the new diet, or new surroundings, as the case may be, and structural changes suited to the new conditions inevitably follow; hence the evolution of new types.

I have not space enough here to give even a brief survey of all the different types of known starfishes, which present a surprising range in the matter of their form and the armature of their bodies. There is one species, however, which must find mention here: this is *Pteraster stellifer* (Fig. 4), which is occasionally dredged up in deep water off the British coast. It belongs to a very extraordinary group of starfish, of which little is known. One of its most striking peculiarities is the curious way in which the spines of the upper surface have become adapted to support a delicate membrane stretched between them to form a tent-like structure. Under this tent is formed a small brood-chamber to contain the young, which, in consequence of this "nursing," do not have to pass through the perilous and complex free-swimming larval stages, as do all other starfishes.

These larval stages are really very wonderful, and I should like to say something about them on another occasion. Enough has now been said, I hope, to show that even the "common starfish" so frequently found stranded on our beaches is a much more interesting creature than one would suppose as it lies, limp and lifeless, on the sand.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)





The "White Hydra" of the Mountains: The Avalanche.



By F. S. SMYTHE, Member of the Alpine Ski Club.

THE most terrible enemy of the ski-runner in the Alps is the avalanche. Every winter the number of victims claimed by this "White Hydra" of the mountains is increasing, and it is now scarcely possible to pick up a daily paper without reading of a fresh fatality. The reason for this lies in the increasing popularity of the "Playground of Europe," and the ignorance, or rashness, of many of its winter visitors.

Everyone has seen snow slide from a roof during a thaw. Gradually the snow layer becomes saturated with water until, no longer able to adhere to the tiles beneath, it slides off and thuds into the street, a perfect example in miniature of a wet snow avalanche. Precisely the same thing, on a great scale, occurs in the Alps. A slight rise of temperature above freezing-point causes the upper layer of snow to become sodden through and through. It no longer freezes properly to the layer beneath, and finally a state is reached when the slightest touch is sufficient to start the first movement. A small piece begins to slide. It advances like a wedge with the apex downwards, growing in width every instant. It assumes enormous dimensions, and within a few seconds the whole slope is in movement. A huge wave of snow rushes onwards gathering additional material and impetus, and finally roars valley-wards in a thundering cataract destroying everything in its path.

It is obvious that the cutting of a ski track across a slope of this nature must result in an avalanche, while there is always the danger of being overwhelmed from above. The disaster near the village of Zurs, in Austria, last winter, is a case in point. Four parties started to ascend the Valluga when the warm south wind, known as the "Föhn," was blowing; and two of these parties were buried by an avalanche that fell from the neighbouring peak of the Trittkopf.

Danger from wet snow avalanches may be always deduced from the fact of the snow being heavy and balling easily, apart from the high temperature or the presence of the "Föhn." The rule to be learnt is a simple one. Do not venture on a tour unaccompanied by an experienced guide without first ascertaining as to whether it is a safe one under the prevailing conditions. Information may be obtained in all sports resorts from the "Guide de Chef," or the local ski club, while visitors should always study the latest weather reports.

The dry snow avalanche is a different affair altogether and may be divided into two distinct classes:

the dust, or powder snow avalanche (*staub-lawine*); and the wind-slab (*wind-brett*). The dust avalanche is the result of a heavy snowfall at a low temperature. New snow, when it falls in the Alps, is usually light and powdery, and, if it lies several feet deep on smooth, steep ground, the slightest disturbance may set it in motion—a gust of wind will suffice. A stream of snow pours down like sugar; but so light is the snow that it whirls up in a dense cloud, displacing the air and sending a blast of wind before it. The wind itself detaches the snow, until the whole mountain-side is alive with a frightful snow-laden whirlwind, which is flung before the avalanche to wreak destruction on pine forests a mile away.

The finest example of a dust avalanche that I have ever seen was near Innsbruck, in Tyrol. Over

narrow valleys should be avoided for a day or two after a heavy snowfall.

The windslab is the most deadly and subtle trap the ski-runner has to contend with, for the danger is not always obvious, even to the most experienced mountaineers. Under the influence of wind, the loose surface snow is blown about like sand, to collect in hollows and on the lee side of ridges in compact shields of finely sifted snow.

Nothing seems more innocent than a slope composed of wind-slab. The surface is often firm and compact, giving the ski-runner a feeling of perfect security. But disillusionment follows with terrible suddenness. With a booming, rending roar, the whole stratum of wind-blown snow, some-

times several feet thick, splits away, breaking up into a vast swarm of hard, angular blocks. The ski-runner is at once carried off his feet and borne down in this besom of destruction. Even if he is not suffocated, he is likely to be crushed to death beneath the great blocks.

After strong winds, sheltered slopes must always be suspected of harbouring wind slab, even though it has not snowed for several days. To distinguish a wind-slab is very difficult, but its surface is usually marked with wind ripples. Of all avalanches this is the one where experience counts for more than technical knowledge. The faculty of intuition in these cases is founded only on experience. Once enwrapped in the deadly embrace of an avalanche, there is little to do save to try and get the ski off, and keep on the surface by adopting a swimming motion.

Any slope over an angle of 23 degrees should be regarded with suspicion, and, in particular, unsupported slopes—that is, convex slopes, or slopes ending above a cliff. Members of a party forced to traverse a slope of this nature should be spaced at least a hundred yards apart in order to localise the effects of an avalanche. It should be remembered also that a man on ski is far more likely to detach an avalanche than is a man on foot, owing to the cutting action of the ski. Ski should therefore be carried when crossing a dangerous slope.

This is necessarily only a brief outline on a subject on which books have been written. Those who would learn how to ski safely are advised to study Mr. Arnold Lunn's book, "Alpine Skiing at all Heights and in all Seasons." Most writers on this subject usually think fit to conclude by pointing a moral, but this may be left for once to the intelligent reader's imagination.



AN AVALANCHE THAT CAUSED THE DEATH OF A MAN: PROBING THE SNOW FOR THE BURIED VICTIM.

This photograph was taken near Arosa in 1926, when an avalanche buried and killed a man. In the group on the right, one of the figures is seen probing for the victim. The blocks in the foreground are part of the avalanche. The illustration gains particular interest at the moment in view of the recent avalanche disaster in which Mr. Donald Dalrymple lost his life. It will be recalled that Mr. Dalrymple, accompanied by Mr. Thomas Fox, Captain Cyril White, and the guide, Fritz Fuch, left Wengen on February 10. Prevented by bad weather from ascending the Finsteraarhorn, the party descended the Aletsch Glacier to the Concordia Hut. There they were stormbound for four days. On the Tuesday they were attempting to reach the Marjelen See, and they were climbing towards the ridge of the Eggishorn when two big snow cornices fell upon them, carrying away Mr. Dalrymple and Mr. Fox. The latter was able to free himself, but no trace could be found of the former, although, of course, the fullest possible search was made.

four feet of new snow had fallen before I set off to traverse the well-known pass of the Schlicker Scharfl. A narrow valley, bounded on one side by a range of steep rock peaks, leads up to the pass. The conditions, however, were so dangerous that I decided to go no farther than the last chalets. While resting there I heard a roaring noise up the valley, and saw an enormous cloud of snow, like smoke from a cannon, roll down the precipices on the right, and shoot across the valley. Then, to my amazement, I saw trees on the opposite side of the valley uprooted like matches before the blast, while the whole width of the valley was filled with dense clouds of writhing snow.

There is little fear of a ski-runner starting a dust avalanche himself, because it takes slopes steeper than those where he is likely to go to give birth to this particular form of mountain malevolence; but the danger of being overwhelmed from above is a very real one, and steep-sided and

THE ALPINIST OF THE AIR: A NEW LURE FOR THE TOURIST.



A REGULAR AEROPLANE SERVICE OVER MONT BLANC! A "GOLIATH" CRUISING ABOVE A SEA OF CLOUDS DURING A PASSENGER-FLIGHT TOWARDS THE ALPS' LOFTIEST PEAK.

A new sensation is to be open to the tourist—nothing less than a passenger-flight over Mont Blanc. The service, which it is hoped to make regular in due season, was inaugurated recently by a twin-engined "Goliath" of the French Air Union, which was flown by M. Bajac, and carried twelve passengers. It has already been proved that there are those quite willing to pay a good fee for the privilege

of seeing the Alps from a fresh angle, and it is intended to start a series of trips at the middle of June or thereabouts. The photograph was taken by a cinematograph-operator flying in an accompanying machine. Mont Blanc, it seems almost superfluous to note here, is the loftiest mountain in the entire chain of the Alps (15,782 feet).

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

A NEW JUDITH.—THE BAN REMOVED FROM A MORAL PLAY.

IT was, perhaps, not quite correct to describe this drama of "Judith" as Biblical, for, if the foundation remains traditional, Dr. E. de Marnay Baruch has applied the license of the poet to the main character. This Judith becomes enamoured of Holofernes under the spell of his clemency when, on his refusal to free her people, she draws a dagger, and thereby the tragic grandeur of her mission is somewhat dwarfed. From exalted fanaticism she descends to murder most foul after her *nuît d'amour*. The sanctifying motive has been obliterated, and thus the play approaches melodrama. But, to redress the balance, there is the language, always impressive, often beautiful, Eastern in its fervour and the warmth of words. There was something live in these characters, and Holofernes, in the great scene when he metes out justice to the various delegates of subjugated peoples, gains in moral stature. He is no longer a bloodthirsty oppressor; he stands for dignity and equity in the spirit of his time. Nor does he fall for the mere physical charms of Judith. He is overwhelmed by her heroism, her self-immolation, her temerity in carrying out her mission single-handed and at all costs. What happens in the tent, the usual crucial scene in "Judith" drama in all literatures, we are left to guess, and some would blame the author for shirking the greatest dramatic effect. But this very idea of leaving the love episode and the murder to our imagination, and merely adumbrating it by Judith's anguished appearance with the gory head half-hidden in the folds of her robe, saves the last act from anti-climax.

When Judith returns to her people, to be spurned by her betrothed, distrusted by her partisans, disavowed, abandoned, for all reward—when she, with her blinded mother, goes forth into the desert, outcast by those she has saved—she redeems, as it were, her romantic impulse. She ebbs away, a sad and tragic symbol of human ingratitude. The great merit of this play is that it is forthright, dramatic from the start; but for a few *longueurs* in the second act, dramatic to the finish; the work of a fine penetrating mind, striving to get away from the conventional treatment of the story, approaching, if but distantly, the only Judith play that has survived the ages, Hebbel's German tragic epos (merely a name to us).

In the imposing setting of the besieged city of Bethulia, within walls of barbaric crudeness, or in the gorgeous tent of Holofernes' court—vivid tokens of Miss Werge Thomas's imagination and historical knowledge—the actors, from the first, seemed attuned to the picture. Hunger and distress and woe in the former; splendour, pomp, and circumstance in the latter. Mr. Fisher White as the High Priest was all loftiness and dignity; Miss Rosina Filippi, Judith's blind mother, struck the maternal note in heartfelt

accents; Mr. John Laurie as Joel was fervent in his puritanical appeals to and spurning of Judith; Mr. Victor Lewisohn statuesque as the Herald. Mr. Lewis Casson as Holofernes was every inch a king, but a strong man too, with a streak of sentiment under his warrior-like ruggedness. A towering figure and a majestic one. It was the outstanding character not only of this play, but of his career.

Miss Sybil Thorndike as Judith, aglow with

To the satisfaction of all connected with literature and the World of the Theatre, the Lord Chamberlain decided to raise the ban on "Young Woodley," by John van Druten, after he had witnessed a private performance. Why it was forbidden, those who had read and seen it could hardly conjecture, unless there were a suspicion that it might contaminate the morals of our young generation at public schools, because the amorous propensities of adolescence are delicately and veraciously discussed in it,

and—oh, terrible sin!—a poetic young scholar is found embracing the house-master's wife, who thirsts for a touch of romance in her bondage to a prosy, narrow-minded stick of a partner. But what is there immoral in this play, which, in sober style and with consummate skill, describes a phase of life at school and draws the characters of boys as they are in the springtime of their evolution? True, things and phases are discussed freely, as boys of various temperaments would argue them in their prefectorial sanctum: John van Druten, a teacher himself, knows budding manhood to the core. But we are no longer in the Victorian era, which veiled "sex" as a great mystery, taboo in public, and if now and again the torments of early manhood are referred to without circumlocution, what is there shocking in this pure outspokenness, when countless plays with *double ententes* are passed without a murmur? I, for one, and I thereby voice the many who witnessed the performance by the Stage Society and the Three Hundred Club, have no hesitation in saying that this play of John van Druten's is not

only a remarkable work—some, in my hearing, called it a masterpiece—but that it is moral in the highest sense of the word.

Young Woodley—a "John Halifax, Gentleman," in the bud—is not a debauchee making love to his master's wife because she is pretty and fascinating; indeed, it is she, with her unquenched longing, who compels him to embrace her when, alone in her drawing-room, she and he unburden their cumbered souls; but he stands for all that is fine, virile, gentlemanlike in an Englishman of breeding. He observes silence when discovered by the husband, and when, on mere suspicion, his school-mates rate and mock him for his supposed *bonne fortune*, he seizes, in paroxysm, a knife—not to avenge his honour, but the fair fame of the woman who to him, in his Werther-period, was love, sacred, spotless, beautiful. Even when threatened with expulsion—not for his love-making now, but for the attack on his comrade—he stubbornly declines to exculpate himself, to defend his

motives. Even when his father, sent for to take him hence, probes his strength of character, he remains adamant. His happiness is gone, his 'Varsity career blighted; he will have to boil soap now at his father's

(Continued on page 324.)



CAMBRIDGE REVIVES A PURCELL OPERA: THE FIRST MODERN PRODUCTION OF "KING ARTHUR," WITH MUSIC BY HENRY PURCELL TO DRYDEN'S "BOOK"—ACT I, THE SAXON SACRIFICE.

The first revival in modern times of Dryden's dramatic opera, "King Arthur," with music by Henry Purcell, was given in the New Theatre, Cambridge, on February 14, and repeated on the four succeeding nights. The stage director was Mr. Denis Arundell, and the musical director Dr. Cyril Rootham, while all the company were either members of the University or residents in the town. The spirit of the seventeenth century was preserved throughout, and the dramatic setting revealed new power in Purcell's score. In adjusting stage movements to the musical tempo, the sacrificial scene, in the first act, and the final apotheosis of Britain were particularly successful. The beauty of the scenery, designed by Mr. Humphrey Jennings on original lines, enhanced the charm of the production.

passion, had great moments in the approach to Holofernes' throne and afterwards in her spirited defiance of the ungrateful people. If only she would not allow her voice to descend to strange meanderings in pathetic outbursts, in unmelodious contrast to her



OXFORD REVIVES A ROLLAND PLAY: THE RECENT O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION OF "THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY"—REMARKABLE STAGE CROWD EFFECTS AMONG THE REVOLUTIONARY MOB AT THE BASTILLE.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society gave as their annual play, from February 14 to 18, "The Fourteenth of July," A Play of the People, by Romain Rolland, translated by Mr. J. B. Fernald, of Trinity, who himself took the part of Camille Desmoulins. The real "hero" of the play, however, is the "many-headed monster," the revolutionary mob of Paris in the fateful year 1789, and the crowd movements were admirably marshalled by M. Theodore Komisarjevsky, the producer and designer of the setting. The time of the play is limited to July 12, 13, and 14, with the capture of the Bastille, the last act taking place inside the prison.

inspired diction! But, when all is said, she was the most human Judith I have ever seen—and I have seen many—a heroine who never let us forget that, in spite of all, she remained at heart a woman.

"THE CONSTANT NYMPH" AS A FILM PLAY.

THE THIRD VERSION OF A FAMOUS STORY.



TESSA (MISS MABEL POULTON) AND PAULINE (MISS DOROTHY BOYD), ON THE STAIRS, ANNOY LINDA (MISS MARY CLARE) AND HER COMPANION.



HERO AND HEROINE OF "THE CONSTANT NYMPH," AT THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION: TESSA (MISS MABEL POULTON) AND LEWIS DODD (MR. IVOR NOVELLO).



THREE MEMBERS OF SANGER'S "CIRCUS": (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) PAULINE (MISS DOROTHY BOYD), TESSA, AND KATE (MISS YVONNE THOMAS).



THE SANGER GIRLS HORROR-STRUCK AT THEIR FATHER'S SUDDEN DEATH: (LEFT TO RIGHT) TESSA, PAULINE AND TONI (MISS BENITA HUME).



THE HERO AS A FAMOUS COMPOSER: LEWIS DODD (MR. IVOR NOVELLO) ACKNOWLEDGING THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE AUDIENCE DURING HIS SYMPHONY CONCERT AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.



DESPITE THE GREAT SUCCESS OF HIS CONCERT, LEWIS DODD (MR. IVOR NOVELLO) TELLS HIS WIFE, FLORENCE (MISS FRANCES DOBLE) THAT HE IS LEAVING FOR BRUSSELS: A SCENE FROM THE FILM OF "THE CONSTANT NYMPH."



THE HAPPY BEGINNING OF THE HERO'S FIRST LOVE: LEWIS DODD (MR. IVOR NOVELLO) PROPOSES TO FLORENCE CHURCHILL (MISS FRANCES DOBLE), WHO HAS COME TO LOOK AFTER SANGER'S CHILDREN AFTER HIS DEATH.



THE TRAGIC ENDING OF THE HERO'S SECOND LOVE: TESSA, "THE CONSTANT NYMPH" (MISS MABEL POULTON) DIES IN THE ARMS OF LEWIS DODD (MR. IVOR NOVELLO) AFTER THEIR ELOPEMENT TO BRUSSELS.

Miss Margaret Kennedy's well-known story, "The Constant Nymph," which began its career as a novel, and was later dramatised for the regular stage, has now—according to the now customary course of evolution in these matters—developed into the third phase of its existence—that is, as a film play. The screen version, which it was arranged should begin its run at the Marble Arch Pavilion on February 20, represents the first cinema enterprise of Mr. Basil Dean, the famous theatrical producer, and was awaited with great interest. The two leading parts, those of Lewis Dodd, the young musical genius, and Tessa Sanger, "the constant

nymph" of tragic destiny, are played on the films by Mr. Ivor Novello and Miss Mabel Poulton. On the "legitimate" stage, it will be recalled, these parts were taken by Mr. Noel Coward and Miss Edna Best. The greater realism possible to film work in natural settings and crowd scenes has been used with great effect. The earlier scenes of "Sanger's circus" (as the family of Sanger, a great musician, was called) were filmed in those parts of the Austrian Tyrol mentioned in the story; and for Lewis Dodd's symphony the Queen's Hall was rented and filled with people—orchestra and audience—specially for the occasion.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE COMMERCIAL EXCHANGE OF ANCIENT ROME: A VIEW IN THE HALL OF THE GREAT BUILDING FOUND, UNDER ST. CATHERINE BARRACKS.



A PAIR OF GIRAFFES FOR THE "ZOO": ONE OF THE YOUNGSTERS PEERING FROM ITS TRAVELLING CRATE AFTER ITS ARRIVAL FROM SOUTHERN RHODESIA.



RIDING IN A RACE FROM PARIS TO CANNES: THE FIVE HORSEWOMEN—MLES. CODY, ON LOVE; GAYATY, ON COLOBERT; MARIE FERAUD, ON STUART; GROSSI, ON YARLOUTH; AND EDIE WEED, ON LOVE-SET.



A PASSENGER SEAPLANE AS PART OF THE EQUIPMENT OF A LINER: THE FLYING-MACHINE, WHICH IS FOR THE USE OF SIGHTSEERS, IN THE NORTH-GERMAN-LLOYD "COLUMBUS."



THE ROYAL TRAIN USED BY THE KING AND QUEEN: HIS MAJESTY'S NIGHT-SALOON, WHICH HAS A SILVER-PLATED BED AND SATIN-WOOD FURNITURE.

It was announced the other day from Rome that archæologists who had been examining the great building found under the St. Catherine Barracks had decided that it was the Commercial Exchange of Ancient Rome. The three storeys are intact, as well as the spacious hall, a part of which is seen in our photograph. This is large enough to hold ten thousand people.—A pair of young giraffes—Charlie and Betty—purchased recently by the Zoological Society, arrived at the "Zoo" in London on February 20. They had travelled from Southampton by motor-lorry, after having made the voyage to England in the "Balmoral Castle." Several détours had to be made to avoid low railway bridges. Betty is about



THE ROYAL TRAIN USED BY THE KING AND QUEEN: THE QUEEN'S DAY-SALOON, WHOSE COLOUR-SCHEME IS HER MAJESTY'S FAVOURITE SHADE OF BLUE.

eighteen months old, and eight feet high. Charlie is two years old, and nearly twelve feet high, and is the largest giraffe ever brought into the "Zoo."—The North-German-Lloyd liner "Columbus," bound on a West Indian pleasure-cruise, has in it the seaplane shown. This is carried so that enterprising passengers wishing to visit ports at which the vessel cannot dock may make sight-seeing trips in the air and ashore.—The royal train has, it need hardly be said, a number of special features. Telephones are fitted throughout, more particularly in order that the staff in front of the train may communicate with those in the rear of the train without having to pass through the royal suite.

INGENUITY AND TRADE: THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR— THE LONDON SECTION, AT THE WHITE CITY.



CALLING ATTENTION TO WALKING-STICKS: A STRANGE BIRD
MADE FROM BAMBOO-ROOTS AND FIR-BRANCHES.



THE NEWEST OF ALL OUT-DOOR SPORTS AS SEEN AT THE FAIR: A MODEL GREYHOUND RACE TRACK—
AND AN AUDIENCE OF DOLLS.



A DOLL'S HOUSE DE LUXE: A MINIATURE RESI-
DENCE FULLY FITTED AND WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTING
AND HEATING.



THE FIRST OF THE ROYAL VISITS TO THE LONDON SECTION:
MRS. J. S. SMIT, WIFE OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN HIGH COMMISSIONER,
PRESENTS THE DUCHESS OF YORK WITH SOUTH AFRICAN FRUITS.



AN ARMCHAIR READING-DESK: ONE OF THE
COMFORT-ENSURING INGENUITIES TO BE SEEN
AT THE FAIR.



A MARIONETTE THEATRE WITH RAG TOYS AS ACTORS, AUDIENCE, AND ORCHESTRA:
ONE OF THE NUMEROUS AMUSINGLY ARRANGED EXHIBITS.

The British Industries Fair opened on February 20, and continues until March 2. The London Section is at the White City, Shepherd's Bush; and the Birmingham Section, devoted to the work of the heavy industries, is at Castle Bromwich. The Duke and Duchess of York visited the White City on the first day, and the King and Queen paid a visit to it on the following day. Their Majesties also arranged to see the Birmingham Section on the 23rd. Speaking at a Government dinner held at the Mansion House, the Duke of York, proposing the toast of the enterprise, said: "Some people might think that after the long period of depression Great Britain has lost ground in the markets of the world as compared with



A MOTOR PERAMBULATOR WITH NURSE AS DRIVER: A POWER-DRIVEN VEHICLE
WHOSE SPEED IS LIMITED TO 1½ MILES AN HOUR.

pre-War days. But this is not the case. On the contrary, while competition has been more severe, and the struggle has been a hard one, yet it remains true that the volume of British manufactures sold in the markets of the world is higher than that of any other country. Another encouraging feature is that the peoples of the Empire are becoming conscious of a unity of purpose and interest in Imperial matters. In each of the Dominions and Colonies of our vast Empire the question of how to improve Imperial trade and how to develop Imperial communications is being ceaselessly explored. And, best of all, it is being explored in the traditional British spirit."

WHERE ACTRESSES NOW RIVAL ACTORS: THE MODERN CHINESE STAGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF "ASIA" MAGAZINE (NEW YORK), WITH EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE ON "THE CHINESE ACTRESS," BY GEORGE KIN LEUNG.



ONE OF THE MOST CAPTIVATING CHINESE ACTRESSES WEARING WESTERN DRESS: MISS PI YÜN-HSIA, AS SHE APPEARS IN "THE REGRET OF A FALSE STEP."



AN IMMENSE FAVOURITE AT SHANGHAI: MISS PI YÜN-HSIA, AS "A BARBARIAN PRINCESS," IN MUSICAL COMEDY DRESS.



IN THE POPULAR DRAMA, "HEAVENLY MAIDEN SCATTERING FLOWERS": MISS FÊN CHU-HUA ("POWDERED CHRYSANTHEMUM"), OFTEN SEEN IN ACROBATIC PARTS.



THE "KING OF ACTORS" IN CHINA, WHO PLAYS WOMEN'S RÔLES (LONG RESTRICTED TO MEN): MEI LAN-FANG AS A T'ANG HEROINE.

"Women on the professional stage in China," writes Mr. George Kin Leung, "are a comparatively recent revival, because in the eighteenth century the Manchu Emperor Ch'ien Lung issued an imperial edict forbidding the appearance of women on the stage. Youths portrayed feminine rôles, and to-day the *tan*, or female-impersonator, is, to the majority of the theatre-going public, an indispensable part of classical drama. At the Kung Wutai, in the French Concession of Shanghai, men and women appear on the same stage. After the founding of the Republic (1911), theatres for all-female companies were established in Peking, Shanghai, Tientsin, and Canton. The Southern, or Cantonese, and the Northern, or Pekingese, are distinct schools of acting. In all-female companies, girls interpret every rôle, from the wife and mother to the lover, villain, and general. One of the most captivating women of the present stage, who combines the two schools, is Pi Yün-hsia, one of a brilliant trio of which Chin Hsueh-fen and Chin Hsiao-mei are the other two. Chin Hsueh-fen is a gifted young woman of Shantung, an adherent of Mohammedanism. Another popular star, who has been a leading actress at the

[Continued opposite.]



ONE OF A BRILLIANT TRIO OF YOUNG CHINESE ACTRESSES: CHIN HSUEH-FEN, A MOHAMMEDAN OF SHANTUNG, IN THE DRAMA "HEAVENLY MAIDEN SCATTERING FLOWERS."



A CHINESE ACTOR AS A HEROIC MAIDEN OF ANCIENT TIMES: CH'ÊNG YEN-CHIU, AGED TWENTY, PRINCIPAL PUPIL OF THE GREAT MEI LAN-FANG.

Kung Wutai, is Fên Chu-hua—"Powdered Chrysanthemum"—an exponent of the rare *wu-tan* type, which specialises in gymnastics, somersaults, and the conventional stage-fighting in the rôle of a warrior maiden. . . . The work of actresses must, of course, be compared with the acting of the *tan* in similar rôles. . . . Mr. Mei Lan-fang is the *tan* supreme, the 'king of actors.' . . . Both actor and actress conform to the age-old conventions of the drama: such as the lifting of a foot to indicate that one is crossing a threshold, the brandishing of a whip to symbolise that one is riding a horse, the pantomimic use of the fingers to indicate that one is bolting a door, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Since the old drama is almost operatic in nature, it demands much of the voice of the actor. . . . Though the old drama ought to be preserved in its purity, a new school, known as the *wen-ming*, or vulgate drama, which is entirely spoken and patterned, in a fashion, after European models, should be encouraged. Many foreign plays—notably Ibsen's—have been translated into Chinese, and an admirable adaptation of 'Lady Windermere's Fan' has been performed with great success by a company of amateurs."

Musicians of China: Pedlars and Players in an Orchestra.

AFTER THE PICTURES BY MARY MACLEOD (MRS. R. N. MACLEOD). REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, WHO RESERVES ALL COPYRIGHTS.



A SELLER OF CHEAP CHINESE FIDDLES: A FIGURE COMMON TO MANY A STREET.



DEMONSTRATING THE QUALITY OF HIS WARES: A SELLER OF CHEAP FLUTES.



WEARING THEIR CUSTOMARY SUITS OF SOLEMN BLACK: THE CHINESE ORCHESTRA OF A SMALL THEATRE.

Describing her painting of the members of the orchestra of a small Chinese theatre, Mrs. Macleod notes: "In a large theatre the three musicians who suffice for the smaller houses would be augmented. The musicians always wear black, and they are seated on a corner of the large stage. Chinese

actors speak in a curious high falsetto, almost intoning their words, and the orchestra provides an accompaniment to the voices. When the actors are speaking the musicians play softly, but when the actors are silent they make a perfectly deafening noise."



THE MARAUDER.

"FALCON AND FINCHES IN THE SNOW": By J. WOLF.

After the Original Water-Colour formerly in the Collection of Mr. A. de Casseres, of St. James's Street, and now owned by Richard Haworth, Esq., J.P., by whose Courtesy it is reproduced.



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"TO KEEP OUT WIND & WEATHER"

*When the winds of chance blow roughly — keep on.
An even balance of inspiration and understanding, has helped
many a man to battle through; and it is unfailingly found in —*

DEWAR'S

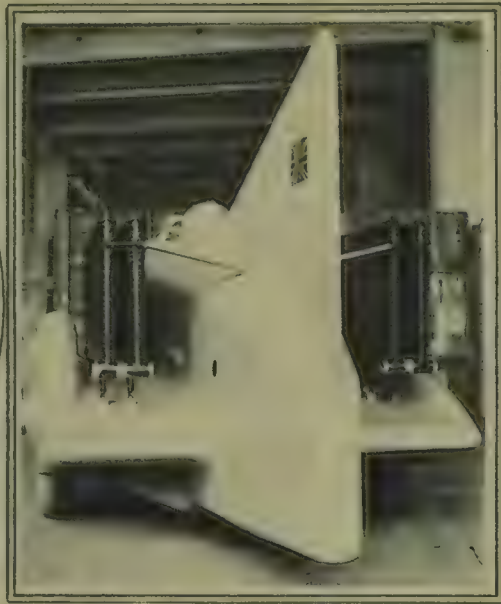
THE 206·95-M.P.H. SPEED RECORD: A CAR FASTER THAN A GOLF BALL.



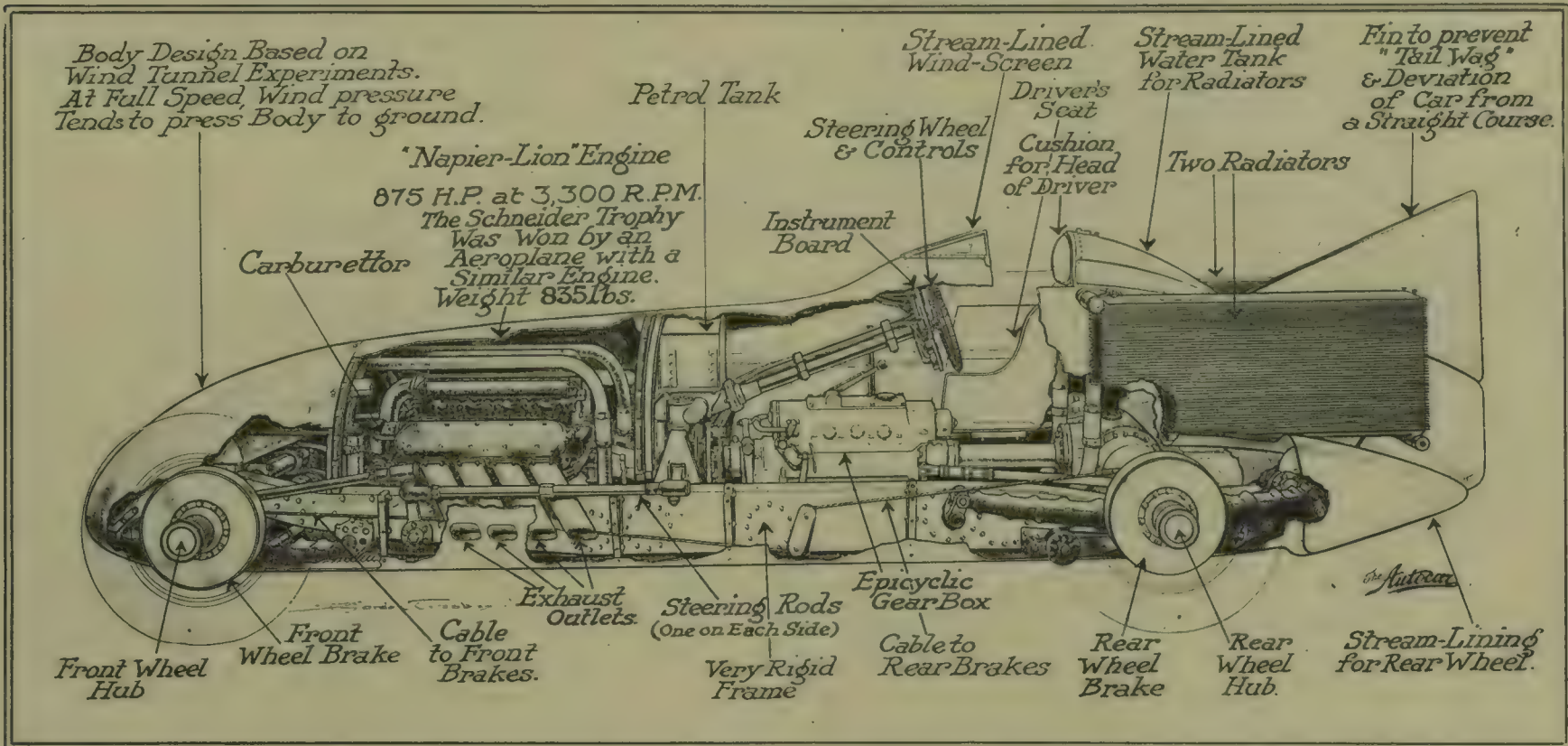
THE WHALE-LIKE FRONT OF CAPTAIN CAMPBELL'S GREAT RACING CAR, "BLUE BIRD": A DESIGN CAREFULLY STREAMLINED TO REDUCE WIND-RESISTANCE.



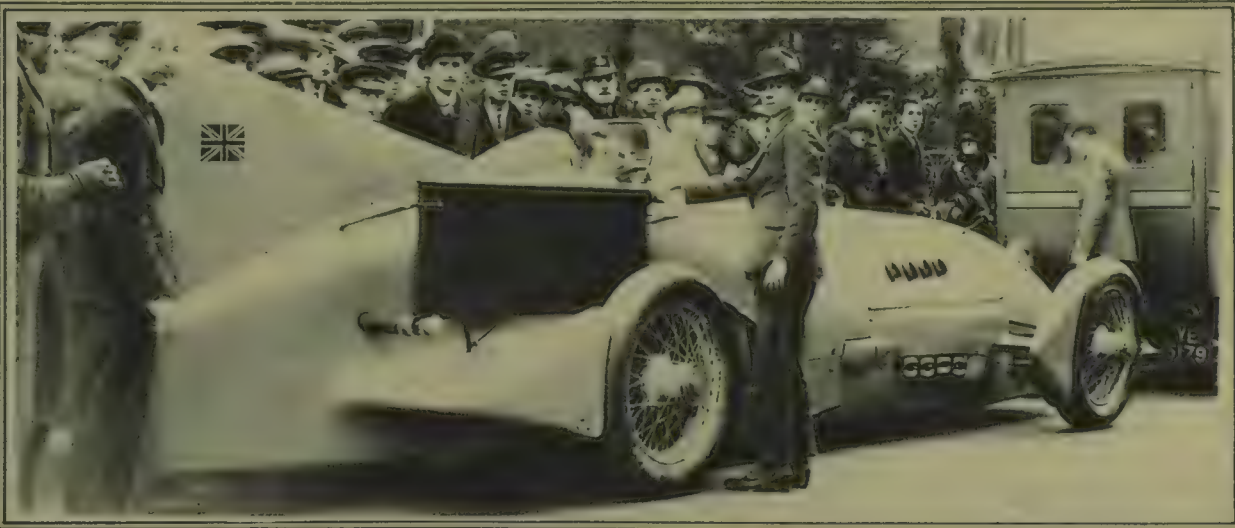
THE BRITISH RACING MOTORIST WHO HAS SET UP A NEW WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD OF 206·95 MILES AN HOUR: CAPTAIN MALCOLM CAMPBELL AT THE WHEEL.



SHOWING THE HUGE "FIN" TO PREVENT "TAIL-WAG" AND DEVIATION FROM THE STRAIGHT; WITH RADIATORS ON EACH SIDE: THE REAR END.



FITTED WITH A 450-H.P. NAPIER ENGINE (STILL ON THE AIR MINISTRY'S "SECRET" LIST) AS USED IN THE SEAPLANE THAT WON THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY: CAPTAIN CAMPBELL'S RACING CAR "BLUE BIRD," IN WHICH HE BEAT THE WORLD'S SPEED RECORD AT DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA—A PARTLY CUT-AWAY DIAGRAM SHOWING THE CHIEF FEATURES OF THE MECHANISM



A DISTANCE THE "BLUE BIRD" COULD COVER IN 14½ MINUTES! THE LONDON-BRIGHTON RUN.

THE "BLUE BIRD" AT REST ON THE ROAD AMID AN ADMIRING CROWD: A GOOD VIEW OF THE "STARBOARD" SIDE OF THE CAR, WHOSE WHEELS, AT 220 M.P.H., REVOLVE OVER 2000 TIMES A MINUTE, OR ABOUT 34 TIMES A SECOND.

At Daytona Beach, Florida, on Sunday, February 19, Captain Malcolm Campbell, the famous British racing motorist, in his British Napier car, "Blue Bird," set up the marvellous new speed record of 206·95 miles an hour, beating the 203·79 m.p.h. established by Major Segrave over the same course last year. Captain Campbell made a nine-mile run altogether—four miles to pick up speed, one measured mile for timing, and four miles to stop the car. A heavy gale was blowing. The first timed mile, with the wind, was covered at the maximum speed of 214·797 m.p.h., and the return mile, against the wind, at 199·667 m.p.h. At one point, while travelling at 210 m.p.h., the car skidded on a wind-ripple in the hard sand, but fortunately Captain Campbell was able to recover control

without mishap. "It is difficult," says a writer in the "Daily Mail," "to visualise what these fantastic speeds mean. Imagine a good drive of 200 yards at golf; the ball takes 5 seconds to travel that distance, but Captain Campbell in his car at full speed would be there in less than 2 seconds." At 206 miles an hour he would be able to cover the distance between London and Brighton (50 miles) in 14½ minutes! The twelve-cylinder engine, designed and built by Napier at Acton, is nominally rated at 450 h.p., but develops nearly 900 h.p. It is similar to that fitted to the British seaplane that won the Schneider Trophy last year, and is still on the "secret" list of the Air Ministry, whose permission had to be obtained for its use in the "Blue Bird."

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: OUTSTANDING EVENTS AND OCCASIONS FAR AND NEAR RECORDED IN ILLUSTRATION.



A MASS MEETING OF INDIANS ON CHOWPATTI BEACH, BOMBAY, TO PROTEST AGAINST THE SIMON COMMISSION ON THEIR ARRIVAL; ONE OF THE INEFFECTIVE HOSTILE DEMONSTRATIONS.



ONE OF SEVERAL BANNERS CARRIED BY INDIAN DEMONSTRATORS THROUGH THE STREETS OF BOMBAY ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE COMMISSION; AN INCIDENT OF THE ATTEMPTED BOYCOTT THAT PROVED A FIASCO.



THE SCENE OF A DARING BANK MURDER AND ROBBERY: THE BRANCH OF LLOYDS BANK AT FERRYHILL, NEAR DURHAM, WHERE MR. W. B. ABBEY WAS KILLED AND £200 STOLEN.



A BRITISH STEAMER BROKEN IN TWO AFTER STRANDING ON THE DUTCH COAST NEAR YMUIDEN: THE TWO PARTS OF THE WRECKED S.S. "SHONGA," AS SEEN FROM THE SHORE.



THE WOMAN WHO CLAIMS TO BE THE GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA OF RUSSIA (CENTRE OF GROUP) ARRIVING IN NEW YORK AS A GUEST OF MRS. W. D. LEEDS.



SIR JOHN SIMON "CARLANNED" ON HIS ARRIVAL IN INDIA AS HEAD OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT BOMBAY.



THE NEW COUNCIL CHAMBER (OR PARLIAMENT HOUSE) OF UNITED PROVINCES AT LUCKNOW: A FINE BUILDING OPENED BY THE GOVERNOR, SIR ALEXANDER MURDMAN.



THE CHANGE IN THE COMMAND OF THE SHANGHAI DEFENCE FORCE: MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN DUNCAN SAYING GOOD-BYE TO THE SCOTS GUARDS ON HIS DEPARTURE, AFTER HANDING OVER THE COMMAND TO MAJOR-GENERAL WARDROP.



ROYAL SPECTATORS AT THE "NAPOLEON" PAGEANT MATINEE AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE: THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE DUCHESS OF YORK (ON THE LEFT).



A GREAT DAM, 300 FT. HIGH, BUILT AT ARAFUNI, NEW ZEALAND, TO DIVERT THE COURSE OF THE RIVER WAIKATO: ONE OF FOUR SECTIONS OF A GREAT HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER SCHEME FOR NORTH ISLAND.



AN ANCIENT FOREST EXPOSED BY THE WAIKATO RIVER AFTER BEING DIVERTED INTO ITS NEW COURSE: TREES THAT GREW BEFORE THE MAOIS CAME TO NEW ZEALAND, AND LONG BEFORE THE NORMAN CONQUEST.



MR. BOB WRIGHT TYING THE BLUE RIBAND ON MRS. SOFER WHITBURN'S WHITE COLLAR, AFTER HIS SUCCESS IN THE WATERLOO CUP: AN INCIDENT OF THE ANNUAL COURSING EVENT AT ALTCHAR.

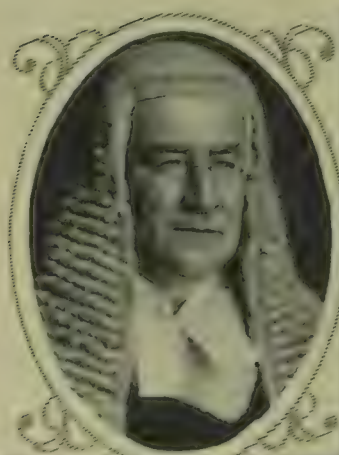


THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP, THE PRINCIPAL COURSING EVENT OF THE YEAR, AT ALTCHAR: MRS. SOFER WHITBURN'S GREYHOUND, WHITE COLLAR (SEEN ALSO IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH).

Sir John Simon and the other members of the Royal Commission landed at Bombay early on February 3, and left later for Delhi. Rain and a violent thunderstorm damped the ardour of the boycott party, which had planned a hostile demonstration. The docks were guarded by police, and some students who had assembled could not get near enough to the ship for their cries of "Go back!" to be heard. The *hartal*, or day of mourning with stoppage of work, was only partially observed, and a Labour demonstration was described as a complete fiasco. —At Ferryhill, a village near Durham, on February 16, an unknown man entered the branch of Lloyds Bank (which, as our photograph shows, is in the same building as an hotel), fatally wounded Mr. W. B. Abbey, who was alone in charge, and decamped with £200. On the 20th a man named Norman Elliott was arrested at Kelloe, Durham, and charged with the murder. —The African Steamship Company's 3044-ton steamer "Shonga," bound from West Africa to Hamburg, ran aground near Ymuiden, on the Dutch coast, during a heavy storm on February 17, and shortly afterwards broke in two. The crew, mostly coloured men, numbered about forty. Tugs and

lifeboat went out. —The woman, called "Mrs. Tchaikovsky," who claims to be Grand Duchess Anastasia of Russia, the late Emperor's youngest daughter, generally believed to have perished with the rest of the Imperial family in 1918, recently crossed to New York in the "Desengaria," to stay with Mrs. W. B. Leeds (formerly known as Princess Xenia of Russia): Mrs. Leeds, it is suggested, has undertaken the task of testing the authenticity of the claim on behalf of the survivors of the Imperial family, who are much interested in the matter. We may recall that a refutation of the claim, by M. Pierre Gilliard, who was tutor to the late Tsarevitch, appeared in our issue of July 16 last. —The new Council Chamber of the United Provinces at Lucknow, which has cost about £154,000, was designed by Messrs. Lanchester, Lucas and Lodge, the well-known London architects. —The King and Queen and the Duchess of York attended the "Napoleon" Pageant matinee, organised by Lady Newnes in aid of the Royal Free Hospital, and given recently at His Majesty's Theatre. —The huge dam at Arapuni, New Zealand, built to divert the course of the Waikato River, is part of a hydro-electric power scheme for North Island divided into four districts.

PERSONALITIES OF 'THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**MR. JUSTICE CHARLES.**

A new Justice of the High Court of Justice, King's Bench Division. Had a general common law practice. An authority on ecclesiastical law. A bachelor.

**MR. BERT HINKLER.**

Making a lone flight from England to Australia in an Avro-Avian biplane (Cirrus engine). After flying for thirteen days, reached Singapore, February 10.

**MRS. SOFER WHITBURN.**

Winner of the Waterloo Cup, with White Collar. Only the second woman to nominate the winning dog since the institution of the event in 1836.

**LORD ERROLL.**

(Born, October 17, 1876; died, February 20.) Twenty-first Earl. British High Commissioner on the Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission. Died suddenly at Coblenz.

**MR. JUSTICE HUMPHREYS.**

A new Justice of the High Court of Justice, King's Bench Division. As Sir Travers Humphreys, famous in numerous great criminal trials. Not a "Silk."



THE FIRST ARGENTINE AMBASSADOR: H.E. SEÑOR DR. DON JOSÉ EVARISTO URIBURU (THIRD FROM LEFT) AND SUITE. The Argentine Minister in this country and the British Minister to Argentina have both recently been raised to the status of Ambassadors. Dr. Urriburu was received in audience by the King on February 14, as the first Argentine Ambassador to Britain. He has been Argentine Minister here for several years.



ROYALTY AND THE SALVATION ARMY: (L. TO R.) GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK, THE MAYOR OF HACKNEY, AND BANDMASTER MARSHALL. The Duke and Duchess of York on February 15 attended a Salvation Army brass band concert in the Congress Hall, Clapton. The Duke replied to General Booth's speech of welcome. Bandmaster Marshall, who conducted, is an invalid officer.

**SIR RONALD LINDSAY.**

To succeed Sir William Tyrrell as Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. British Ambassador at Berlin since 1926.

**THE NEW EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH.**

The late Lord Oxford is succeeded in the Earldom by his grandson, Viscount Asquith, the only son of the late Raymond Asquith by his marriage to Katharine, daughter of Sir John Horner, of Mells.

**SIR WILLIAM TYRRELL.**

Appointed to succeed Lord Crewe as British Ambassador to France. Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office since 1925.

Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, has created a record by winning the great coursing classic in her first season as a recognised subscriber. She and her husband are well-known racehorse owners.—The late Rt. Hon. Sir Victor Alexander Sereld Hay, Earl of Erroll and Lord Hay of Erroll, in the Peerage of Scotland, and Lord Kilmarnock in the Peerage of England, was better known by the last title, for he only succeeded his father, as twenty-first Earl, last July. He did excellently well in the Diplomatic Service, and he became British High Commissioner, Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission, in 1921. He was twenty-fourth Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland. He wrote the plays, "The Chalk Line," "The Dream Kiss," and "The Anonymous Letter."—At the Salvation Army band

concert (mentioned under the above photograph taken on the occasion) the Duke of York said: "The music of the Salvation Army is symbolic of the spirit which animates that great organisation. It is martial; it is cheering; and, best of all, it is inspiring." After a tribute to the first General Booth and the work of the Salvation Army, the Duke continued: "I know something of that work. I have seen it for myself both in this country and overseas. In all parts of the world you are fighting a great campaign against ignorance, poverty, and evil. The battle is yours because, of your unselfishness and devotion."—The new Earl of Oxford was born in 1916. In 1924 his mother, Mrs. Raymond Asquith, joined the Roman Catholic Church, and he is also of that faith. His father was killed in the war.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN the course of some ten years' education, at school and university, I cannot recollect ever having been taught any law; and that, I believe, is a common experience, except among those who make it their profession. Yet a great jurist—Selden—has declared: "Ignorance of the Law excuses no man. Every man must be taken to know the Law: to hold the contrary would be to confer a premium on ignorance, which would afford a defence to every possible transgression." We are apparently expected to imbibe the law with our mother's milk, or pick it up by bits, from newspaper and neighbour. Another legal authority—Judge Parry—says candidly: "We are all supposed to know the Law, and nobody does."

Such warnings should send all those who want to avoid trouble, and keep out of gaol, hot-foot to their bookseller for a copy of the work from which I have culled the above quotations, namely, "EVERY MAN'S OWN LAWYER." A Handy Book of the Principles of Law and Equity. By A Barrister. Fifty-eighth Edition, revised, including Legislation of 1927. With a Concise Dictionary of Legal Terms. (Crosby Lockwood and Son; 17s. 6d.). "Legislation," as the writer of the new preface remarks, with an air of pained reproach, "since the end of the Great War, has continued unchecked, and consequently it has been necessary to make extensive emendations and to incorporate many new statutory provisions." It was the original author's ambition to provide, "at the smallest cost, a complete epitome of the Laws of England." In its new form it will be more than ever indispensable, not only as a work of reference, but as a mentor to make us all law-abiding citizens. For how can we "abide" the law if we do not know what it is?

It might seem a suicidal policy for a lawyer to give away his "trade secrets," and we all know what barristers think of pleaders-in-person. "The object of this present work (we read) is to enable those who consult it to help themselves to the law. . . . And though it is not always that the services of a solicitor can be dispensed with, still it is believed that many a *six-and-eightpence* may be saved . . . by careful consultation with the pages of this little Treatise." Nothing is said, I notice, about dispensing with barristers, and one who sought to deprive solicitors of their bread and butter was perhaps wise to remain anonymous. As Falstaff might have said: "If tape and parchment be a fault, then many an old attorney that I know is damned." I do not suppose, however, that "A Barrister" really wanted to starve a body of hard-working and respectable men, nor have I observed any signs of such a result. Many of us, indeed, are still prone to echo the old song—

I shall place it in the hands of my solicitor;
I shall have these things put right.

I wonder whether criminals ever study the law, and read up the distinctions between a felony and a misdemeanour, or between homicide (including "felonious homicide, or wilful murder") and manslaughter. If they do, they will find some useful information in the section on Criminal Law. This is a matter, unfortunately, not without topical interest and of chronic recurrence, and it reminds me of the Home Secretary's recent protest against mob agitations for reprieve.

In this connection I revert for a moment to a book reviewed here a few months ago, and one of the most attractive with which I have ever had to deal—Lord Birkenhead's "Law Life and Letters." He writes: "It is unquestionably just that he who extinguishes life in such a (private) quarrel should himself be destroyed. . . . And yet the matter requires a little analysis. I especially exclude myself from the idea that I am in any case suggesting that it can ever be justifiable in a private quarrel to destroy human life. . . . But it would be interesting to analyse and to determine the relative degrees of obliquity which may attach to the unauthorised taking of human life." There is not room here to quote the hypothetical case Lord Birkenhead propounds. My point is that he recognises "relative degrees of obliquity," and I hold that such degrees should be distinguished in murder cases, and the punishment graduated accordingly.

Those charged with the duty of inflicting the death penalty are not, as a rule, among its warmest supporters. "When the cutthroat isn't occupied in crime," he may have the qualities of a charming companion, or, in chastened and penitent mood, become an object of compassion. Anyhow, it is not pleasant to have to kill a person in cold blood, or to supervise the process. So says an ex-Governor of Pentonville Prison in "Quod." By Major Wallace Blake. With Portrait (Hodder and Stoughton; 18s.). The author confesses to having felt "a keen sense of personal shame" when supervising executions. "Each of the other prison Governors and officials [he writes] with whom I have discussed capital punishment have admitted to being affected in the same manner. . . . Whether capital punishment is a preventative or not, I believe it to be morally and inherently wrong. A well-known London magistrate disagreed with me in

total. . . . 'Supposing a man murdered your wife or your child, would you not want to kill him?' To me [continues Major Blake] the very fact that I should be desirous of doing so is in itself the most convincing answer. I should want to kill the murderer because I should be seeing red, and, above all things, the law must not see red. . . . All legal punishment should be inspired by a whole-hearted endeavour to reform the criminal."

Major Blake, however, is not a complete abolitionist. "I do not mean to convey," he says, "that in no circum-



THE CHURCH OF ST. MAURICE AT SAANEN, NEAR GSTAAD, IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND: A VILLAGE CHURCH WHERE WONDERFUL FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FRESCOES HAVE BEEN FOUND.

Further examples of the remarkable frescoes found in the village church at Saanen appear on pages 318 and 319, with particulars of the discovery. Funds are being raised to restore the church to its original condition, and it is hoped that art-lovers who visit Gstaad, the well-known winter-sport centre only a few miles away, will help the good cause. "Baedeker" says that the people of Saanen "rear cattle and manufacture the famous Gruyère and Vacherin cheese."

stances whatever should the State be permitted to take human life. On the contrary, I think that there are crimes committed by those whose mental condition is



"THE DEPUTY EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, GIVING ORDERS TO SACK THE CHRISTIAN CAMP": ONE OF THE REMARKABLE FRESCOES DISCOVERED BY THE REMOVAL OF WHITEWASH IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MAURICE AT THE VILLAGE OF SAANEN, IN SWITZERLAND.

The scene depicted in the fresco is an incident in the legend of St. Maurice (or Mauritius), to whom the church at Saanen is dedicated. Mauritius was the commander of the Theban Legion (from Egypt) of the Roman army. He and all his men are said to have been martyred in A.D. 302, at St. Maurice, near Martigny, for refusing to serve against their fellow-Christians in Gaul.

such that it is far better for themselves and the community at large that they cease to exist." Alluding to one example, he adds: "This particular species of homicidal maniac should be put into a lethal chamber." Are not some apparently sane murderers equally incorrigible and dangerous to the community? I must add that of Major Blake's book, on less serious

topics, is extremely lively and full of amusing anecdote. He also discusses education as a preventive of crime.

One thing may be said for the children of Cain, and that is that they provide readers and playgoers with infinite entertainment. One reason for the popularity of detective fiction and drama may be a desire to visualise things that might happen to ourselves, and to see "the enemy in our midst" tracked down and brought to justice. Most of us have had some experience as victims of theft, if not of violence—I have been "burgled" myself before now—and there is a fascination in a type of crime that may touch us nearly to-morrow, apart from the universal attraction of that most exciting and dangerous of sports—man-hunting.

It is sometimes claimed, on behalf of police reminiscences, that truth is more thrilling than fiction, but generally I have found that an excellent detective may be a dull writer, lacking the dramatic sense. No such complaint, however, can be made against the author of "WARPED IN THE MAKING: CRIMES OF LOVE AND HATE." By H. Ashton-Wolfe, Interpreter at the Civil and Criminal Courts. Illustrated (Hurst and Blackett; 18s.). This is the best collection of "sleuth" stories founded on fact that I have come across. The author recounts his adventures in the service of the Paris Sûreté, under Dr. Bertillon, the pioneer of finger-prints, and gives a chapter each to ten cases, including scenes of the Paris underworld, and the story of "the first man-hunt by air," when in the early days of flying (about 1906) a series of mysterious incidents at the Grande Semaine d'Aviation at Rheims were traced to a gang of fanatical Anarchists called "The Liberators." Mr. Ashton-Wolfe also spent some time in Berlin, studying German detective methods, and he unfolds, by way of comic relief, the historic hoax of "Captain Von Cöpenick."

To my unscientific mind, the pursuit, arrest, and trial of a criminal are more interesting than his crime. Mere records of murder, torture, and vice are apt to be nauseating, and form unhealthy *pabulum* for the general reader, though necessary data for the criminologist. Despite a short introduction discussing theories of criminality, and incidental passages on similar lines, lurid narrative preponderates in "TWELVE MONSTROUS CRIMINALS": From Nero to Rasputin, A.D. 37 to 1916. By Philip Beaufoy Barry. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 18s.). The other ten "monsters" include Sawney Beane, a thirteenth-century Scottish cannibal; Francesco Cenci; the Marquise de Brinvilliers, an aristocratic poisoner; William Burke and William Hare, corpse-merchants; and Charles Peace, prince of burglars. In recommending the charms of the book, the jacket "blurb" enumerates "poison, vitriol, the lash, the fire, the knife, the bullet," and calls it, not inaptly, an "arresting" volume.

After a surfeit of blood, it is a change to find, in a new addition to the Notable British Trials series (a standard library for the student of criminology) nothing more harrowing than the amours of a profligate "Maid of Honour," and her subsequent trial in the House of Lords, as a peeress of the realm, for bigamy. This historic case, which created so great a sensation in 1776, is set out in full, with all the editorial care for which the series is distinguished, in "THE TRIAL OF THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON." Edited by Lewis Melville. With nine illustrations (William Hodge and Co.; 10s. 6d.). Almost more sensational than the trial was the Eve-like fancy-dress worn by Elizabeth Chudleigh (as the Duchess was called in her younger days) in the character of Iphigenia, at the Venetian Ambassador's masquerade at Somerset House in the presence of George II. and his Queen. "She was very properly rebuked," we read, "by her royal mistress, who threw a shawl over her in the ball-room." In view of the illustration, I am not altogether surprised.

The series to which the last-named book belongs has a rival now in the Famous Trials Series, which will also be welcome to the class of readers for whom it caters. The first four volumes are "THE TRIAL OF PATRICK MAHON." With an Introduction by Edgar Wallace; "THE THAW CASE." By F. A. Mackenzie; "THE TRIAL OF PROFESSOR WEBSTER." By George Dillnot (general editor of the series); and "THE PELTZER CASE." By Gérard Harry (Geoffrey Bles; illustrated; 10s. 6d. each volume). The Crumbles murder, described in the first-named book, occurred just before Easter 1924, when I chanced to spend the holiday at Eastbourne and visited Pevensey Bay, passing close to the fatal bungalow. The subsequent discovery of the ghastly doings there at that time did not increase my enjoyment in the retrospect. There are points of resemblance, regarding the disposal of the body, between that affair and "America's classic murder"—the killing of Dr. Parkman by Professor Webster, of Harvard, in 1850. The Thaw case, also Transatlantic, is, of course, within living memory. The Peltzer trial relates to a celebrated Continental murder, in Brussels, which formed the basis of Paul Bourget's novel, "André Cornelis."

And now, having served on so many gruesome cases, this jurymen may perhaps be excused "for a period of seven years." C. E. B.



FRESCOES DISCOVERED IN SAANEN CHURCH: ST. MAURICE LEAVING EGYPT WITH THE THEBAN LEGION (ABOVE); AND ST. MAURICE REFUSING TO WORSHIP IDOLS.

ST. MAURICE RECEIVING THE BLESSING OF THE BISHOP OF JERUSALEM (ABOVE); AND AN EXECUTION SCENE DURING THE SUBSEQUENT MARTYRDOM OF HIS MEN.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY IN A SWISS THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. LEGION DEPICTED



FRESCOES REVEALED OF WHITEWASH IN ST. MAURICE AT BERNSE JURE. ANNUNCIATION; (R.) VISITING ST.



PORTRAITS OF SAINTS IN THE SAANEN FRESCOES: (FROM TOP DOWNWARD) ST. ANDREW WITH HIS CROSS, ST. PETER WITH THE KEYS OF HEAVEN, AND ST. OSWALD WITH A RING, ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WONDERFUL WALL-PAINTINGS: THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MAURICE IN THE VILLAGE OF SAANEN, SHOWING A MODERN WINDOW, WHICH WILL BE REPLACED IN DUE COURSE BY ONE MADE IN KEEPING WITH THE FRESCOES.



SCENES FROM THE GOSPEL STORY: AMONG THE FRESCOES FOUND IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MAURICE AT SAANEN: (ON THE LEFT) CHRIST TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE; (ON THE RIGHT) THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN MARY, WITH THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

FRESCOES REVEALED VILLAGE CHURCH. MAURICE AND THE THEBAN IN MEDIAEVAL ART.



BY THE REMOVAL THE CHURCH OF SAANEN, IN THE LAND: (L.) THE VIRGIN MARY ELIZABETH.

THE HOLY FAMILY, WITH THE NAME ATTACHED TO EACH FIGURE: ONE OF THE REMARKABLE EARLY FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FRESCOES DISCOVERED IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MAURICE AT SAANEN.



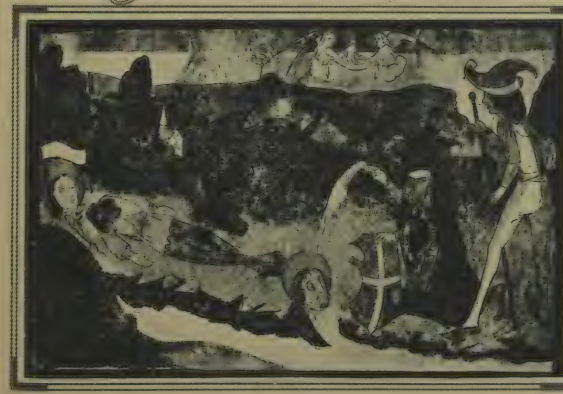
THE VOYAGE OF ST. MAURICE, COMMANDER OF THE THEBAN LEGION, FROM JERUSALEM TO ROME (ABOVE); AND THE BEREAVING OF ONE OF HIS SOLDIERS (BELOW).

SAANEN FRESCOES: (ABOVE, LEFT) POPE MARCELLINUS BLESSING ST. MAURICE; (RIGHT) DIOCLETIAN SENDING ST. MAURICE ON HIS MISSION; (BELOW) SLAUGHTER OF ST. MAURICE'S ARMY.

BIBLICAL PORTRAITS AMONG THE SAANEN FRESCOES: (FROM TOP DOWNWARD) JUDAS THASDUE WITH HIS CLUB, ST. MATTHIAS WITH A HATCHET, AND ST. NICHOLAS, PATRON SAINT OF WAYFARERS, WITH HIS STAFF.



THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. MAURICE ON THE BANKS OF THE RHÔNE: THE BEREAVING OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMANDER OF THE THEBAN LEGION AS REPRESENTED IN ONE OF THE FRESCOES IN THE CHURCH DEDICATED TO HIM AT SAANEN.



"The little quiet old village of Saanen, on the Montreux Oberland railway," writes a correspondent, "never dreamt that its austere and severely simple church would one day become world-famous for its wonderful frescoes, dating back to the early fifteenth century. But so it is. A few years ago it was noticed that, in places where the whitewash had worn off, patches of different colours were to be seen, and last autumn it was decided to investigate fully and find out what had been covered over in 1694 at the time of the Reformation. The work has been done by a specialist from Bern. . . He cleared away the whitewash from the whole of the choir, revealing most interesting decorations of Catholic days underneath, till now it looks as if hung with rich Gobelin tapestries, and the soffit of the chancel arch is covered with beautiful frescoes of Christ and the Apostles. On the north side the frescoes have suffered very much: they represent scenes from the Old Testament, and in parts are very indistinct; but on the east side, where the genealogy of Christ and

scenes from the New Testament are depicted, they are wonderfully well preserved. . . The south side is the best preserved of all, and here we find the legend of St. Maurice, to whom the church was originally dedicated. . . It has been decided to restore the whole of the church as far as possible to its original condition; but this work will take time and money, and the little community of Saanen is a poor one. The Swiss Federation and the Canton of Bern will both help them to defray the heavy expenses, and it is to be hoped that the art-loving visitors who come to enjoy the sunshine and sports at Gstaad, only a few miles away, will contribute." The memory of the martyred Roman general is preserved at other places, including St. Moritz, named after him. In "A Wayfarer in Switzerland," Mr. James F. Muirhead writes: "A little to the north of Martigny lies St. Maurice, named from the leader of the Theban Legion (raised in Egypt), who were all (so says tradition) martyred here in 302 for refusing to serve against their fellow-Christians in Gaul."



VIII.—GETTING THE HOUSE "WIRED."

EVERY industry—and, indeed, every craft connected with every industry—has its controversies. These are carried on with all the keenness of golf, football, or cricket talk, and sometimes with a sustained acrimony which would do credit to a political contest. As a rule, however, the public hear little about those discussions which enliven the columns of trade and technical journals or draw crowds to the meetings of learned institutions. Apart from being understood only by the specialist, they are of too limited interest to come into the category of "news." Nevertheless, the public do benefit in many ways from these storms in scientific and engineering tea-cups. They have, for example, drawn real advantage from the debates which began a generation ago, and still continue, on the subject of what is the best way of "wiring" a house for electricity.

In the early days of electric light the method adopted was a very simple, straightforward one. The wires were laid in the grooves of slips of wood nailed to the wall and covered with other slips of wood. This was the "wood-casing" system, which for a time was almost standard practice. The cutting, fixing, and jointing of the wood casing was essentially a carpenter's job, and many of the first "electric wiremen" were retired naval carpenters, who found in this novel craft a suitable field for their skill. To instal electric light on this system involved a certain interference with decorations. Bearing this in mind, a pioneer electrical manufacturer conceived the notion that the best time for wiring a house was when it was being redecorated: consequently, the best people to do the job were the big furnishing firms. He induced one large firm to take up what was then regarded as an occult form of practical science, and this beginning led quickly to all the large furnishing firms opening an "electrical department."

Right from the start, the æsthetic aspect of electric wiring was very much to the fore. Being unaccustomed to any intrusion upon the surface of walls, people objected to the wood-casing system. On the Continent, where people were less particular, a great deal of house wiring was done simply by running exposed twisted flexible wires through cleats screwed into the plaster. But in this country the demand for something invisible and yet safe led to the development of the "conduit" system. Here the insulated wires are drawn into steel pipes laid in the plaster and joined together so as to form a continuous metal sheath. The sheath is "earthed"—a term vague to our fathers, but familiar to a generation which makes a hobby of wireless telephony. The object of "bonding" the conduit and earthing it was to ensure that, if the wires at any point became damaged in such a way as to cause danger of shock or fire, the current would go to "earth" and blow the safety fuses.

About the relative merits of the two systems, and about the advantages of the various types of conduit, there was any amount of debate. Gradually, however, the opinions of experts crystallised in favour of a well-constructed conduit as the "safety-first" system. Thanks to the efforts of the fire-insurance companies, to the regulations drawn up by the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and to the high standard of quality voluntarily adopted by the Cable Makers' Association of Great Britain, the safety of the user of electric light became the prime consideration. The proportion of fires due to electrical causes is very low—much lower than is suggested by the readiness of

newspaper reporters to declare, when the cause of a fire is unknown, that "it is attributed to the fusing of an electric wire." This too-convenient *cliché* has often been pressed into service where there was no electric supply whatever in the building concerned! Nothing in this world, however, is obtained for nothing. The almost complete safety, both mechanical and electrical, of the conduit system had to be paid for. Further, to instal the conduit system in an existing house meant a rather formidable amount of cutting away of plaster and "making good." When a house is being built, it is an easy matter to run the conduits before the plastering is carried out; but in an old house "wiring" with conduit cannot conveniently be done except during a drastic renovation. Thus the demand

ELECTRICITY IN DAILY LIFE.

By "PROTONIUS."

number of "surface wiring" systems which meet all the essential requirements.

The crux of the problem is to provide the electric wires with mechanical protection which is at once neat and effective. These wires are made of stranded copper insulated with vulcanised indiarubber and other materials. If they were left exposed on a wall they would be liable to be damaged, mischievously or otherwise, and also in some cases to be affected by damp. One method of protection is to cover the insulated wire with a thin sheath of metal. For ordinary house-wiring purposes one sheath encloses two wires, making a "twin" wire of very small dimensions and neat appearance. The metal used is a special alloy which does not alter on exposure to air or damp. It is flexible enough to enable the wire to be bent round corners, and it is stiff enough to prevent the wire sagging between supports when it is run horizontally along a wall. The supports are generally provided by soft metal clips fastened, by thin nails into the plaster and folded over the wire in a neat and unobtrusive way.

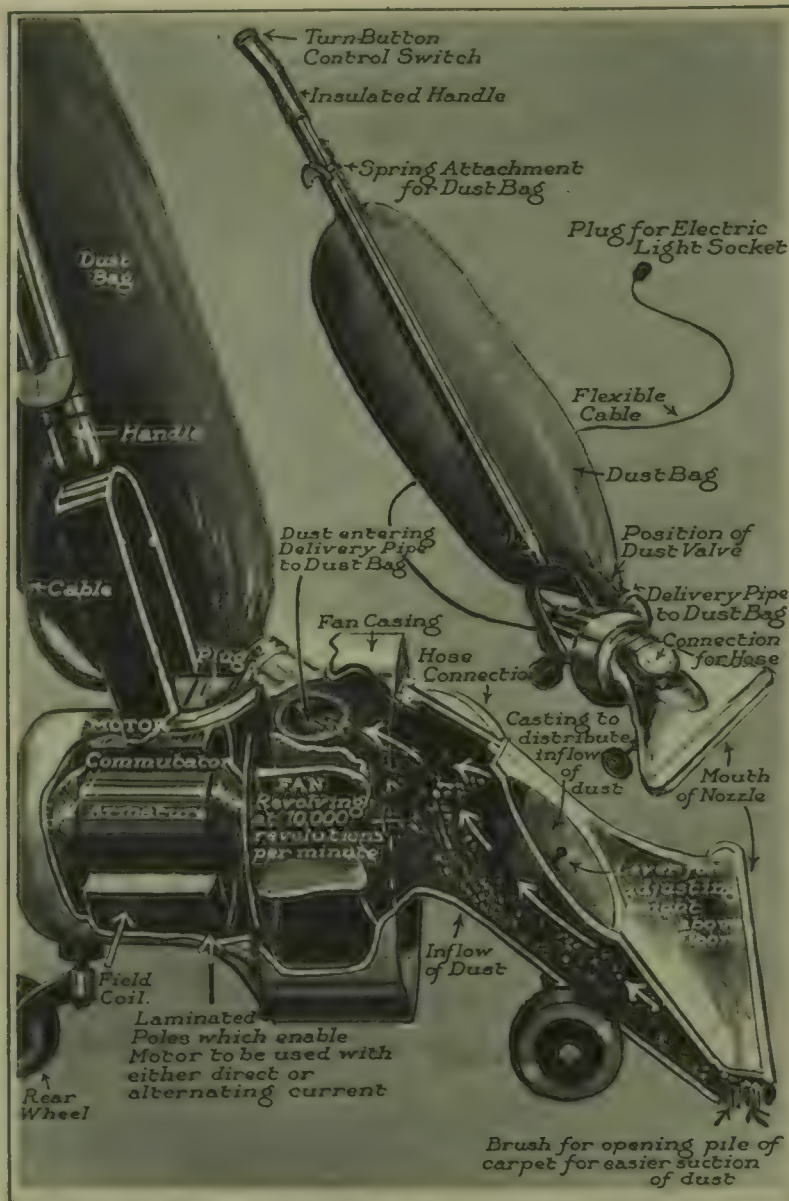
A wire of this kind run up a wall or along a ceiling is hardly noticeable. When carried down the corner of a room or under a picture-rail it is almost invisible. As it may be white-washed or painted any desired colour, further concealment is possible; but perhaps the best arrangement, where complete harmony with decorations is desired, is to use wire in which the sheath itself is braided with cotton or artificial silk to match the wall-paper or other decorations. For the purposes of safety the metal sheath is "bonded" and "earthed" throughout, after the manner of the conduit system. When this is done, the sheath can never become "alive."

Little technical knowledge is needed to realise how easily and quickly—and therefore cheaply—this surface-wiring can be installed without disturbance. The clips are arranged along the "runs"; the wires are laid on the wall, and the clips strapped over them. That is all that is required in a straight run. Much ingenuity has been expended in designing standard sizes of ceiling rose, wall switch, junction-box, and other accessories, so that connections may be made quickly and securely. The only occasions when cutting and "making good" are involved occur when a short route is taken through a wall or floor. In such cases the disturbance is trifling.

Several surface-wiring systems in vogue are covered by this general description. Others present a departure from type. For example, one system employs what may be termed a highly refined form of the old wood-casing. The wires themselves are arranged in twin fashion, covered with special insulation which forms a flattish strip. This strip is laid on the surface of the wall, and is usually covered by a thin wood beading which is held in position either by spring clips or by pins or small screws passing through the wood. The beading gives extra mechanical protection and enhances the appearance of the wiring, as it forms a neat strip which may be stained or varnished to any tint. Where "appearance" is not of account, the wires are merely clipped to the wall in the usual way.

So far as safety goes, there is very little to choose between these surface systems and the concealed conduit.

They can be adopted without any qualms whatever, and with complete confidence that they may be placed in a newly decorated house without any ill-effects, and will make a lasting job needing little in the way of maintenance over a long term of years. Another advantage is that the wiring can be very easily extended at any time, to include new wall-plugs and other convenient "outlets." Altogether, modern surface-wiring, with its cheapness, safety, and simplicity, has helped a great deal to swell the boom in domestic electricity supply.



HOW IT WORKS: I.—A TYPICAL ELECTRIC CLEANER—THE MODERN HOUSE-WIFE'S INVALUABLE APPLIANCE FOR REMOVING DUST FROM ANY PART OF THE HOME.

The electric cleaner has now become a domestic appliance used daily in thousands of homes. It is attached to an ordinary light-plug and switched on. The little motor revolves the fan at ten thousand revolutions per minute, and, as the brush in the mouth of the cleaner opens the pile of the carpet, dust is sucked up by the fan and driven into the dust-bag. Little wheels facilitate the pushing of the sweeper over the carpet. With every machine is supplied a flexible tube to which various nozzles may be easily attached, so that curtains, furniture, picture-rails, and so on, can be freed from dust with equal facility. The modern sweeper is practically fool-proof, and, being simple and robust in construction, there is nothing to go wrong.

Drawn by G. H. Davis, from information kindly supplied by the General Electric Company, Ltd.

arose for some method of wiring which would be cheap and involve little or no disturbance to existing decorations. The cheapening of electric light through the gradual reduction in the cost of electricity and the introduction of the tungsten lamp stimulated this demand, because the cost of wiring became the only serious obstacle to the adoption of electric light in the multitude of smaller houses. Many inventors and manufacturers set to work on the problem, and the result of their efforts has been the production of a



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Fashions & Fancies

cuts just above one eye which give a most becoming air of surprise to the face. Others are still more one-sided, with the brim continued like a long quill down one side of the cheek, or a small feather brush curling round one ear. Folds of felt crossing diagonally across the hat and ending in slightly different lengths, so that the brim is almost vandyked, is another conceit introduced in a smart sports hat. It is carried out in alternate navy-blue and "natural," a very favourite colour scheme this season.

Evening Frocks from Paris.

The evening modes are so surprisingly varied this season that it is almost impossible to decide which is the smartest frock. A very favourite silhouette in the Paris collections is still the long bouffant robe de style, such as the lovely model pictured in the centre of this page. It is carried out in black silk faille embroidered with silver motifs, and the corsage is of pink chiffon lightly veiled with silver lace. Lace is introduced a great deal in many of the new frocks. Some are even expressed entirely in lace in a soft shade of pink. At Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., you may see many of the very latest dresses straight from the Paris collections. There also is a lovely frock carried out in thick stiff satin, a material which is novel to us, but quite familiar to our grandmothers. Patou has created this particular model, which has no ornamentation at all, but falls in long sweeping lines, and is draped with a large bow at one hip. Another model introduces a new colour for the evening, dark navy-blue. At a distance

Beautiful appliqué embroideries in shaded pink, gold, and silver enrich this velvet evening cloak in a Chinese design from Liberty's, Regent Street, W. It is lined with silver tissue.

Tweed Coats Have New Silhouettes.

For the last two seasons we have worn plain tailored coats for the spring made as discreetly as a man's overcoat. At last, however, they seem to be less of a uniform. Although tweed is still unfailingly popular, the line is not so severe and can be far more varied. Many have most attractive little capes attached to the shoulders, sometimes continuing right over the arms like an Inverness and cut to look like the long ends of a scarf in front. These can be lined with a contrasting check or with the reverse side of the material, a little darker than the coat itself. Even where there is no cape, the line of the coat is fuller and more *mouvementé* than was the case with inverted pleats. The back is made quite full, held in at the waist by a leather or suede belt which passes through slots at the side. Collars, cuffs, and pockets of leather with rough fringed edges are seen quite frequently. A third type of coat which is included in the collections has no revers at all, but falls in a perfectly straight line from a small stiff military collar. Again a rather broad leather belt keeps it in place, but it is designed to show glimpses of the jumper suit beneath, usually of Angora or crepe, trimmed with zigzag bands of the same tweed.

The Skull-Cap— but with a Difference.

Curiously enough, although the Lindburgh helmet faded very quickly from the front rank of fashion, variations of the close-fitting skull-cap seem to be the chief theme of the new Paris hats. The only difference lies in the fact that they have now tiny brims which are cleverly cut away and then turned up or down in sharp contrast. In this way, you meet curious little inverted "V"-shaped



Straight from the Paris collections comes this beautiful robe de style, expressed in black faille strewn with embroidered silver motifs, and finished with a deep corsage of silver lace over pink chiffon. It may be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, AND MABEL ROBEY.



Deep wings of stencilled gold, silver, and green give a graceful silhouette to this lovely cloak from Liberty's, of cherry-coloured velvet collared with fur.

the effect is quite black, but closer acquaintance reveals the blue reflected in the tiny embroidered triangles of diamanté and crystal which are strewn all over the frock.

Beautiful Evening Cloaks.

If the materials of the frocks are simple, evening wraps are as gorgeous as ever. In colour and embroideries they are wonderful, and naturally those from Liberty's, Regent Street, W., are amongst the most beautiful in these respects. An evening coat, quite simple in line but elaborate in detail, is pictured on the left. It is of black velvet with a deep appliquéd border of brocaded velvet in shaded pink, gold, and silver. The gold tissue lining forms long revers, and shows again in the wide slit sleeves. Another black velvet coat is stencilled all over in gold and silver, save for a plain velvet panel down the centre of the back. Wings of stencilled gold, silver, and green give a very graceful line to the cape of cherry-coloured velvet trimmed with grey fur which you see just above. Cloaks of a new batik-patterned brocade in lovely colours, trimmed with fur and lined with Sungleam, are obtainable for 14½ guineas, and there are velvet cloaks, also trimmed with fur and lined with Sungleam, costing only 8½ guineas. Most attractive too are the reversible Liberty cavalier capes in Sungleam and crêpe-de-Chine, which can be obtained for 8 guineas.

A Jubilee Sale. There is still time to benefit by the Jubilee sale which is in progress until March 17 at Gamages, Holborn, E.C. This firm are offering special furniture bargains, which can be secured on the deferred-payment system. Furthermore a two-seater car is offered as a prize for choosing the four best bargains displayed in the windows.



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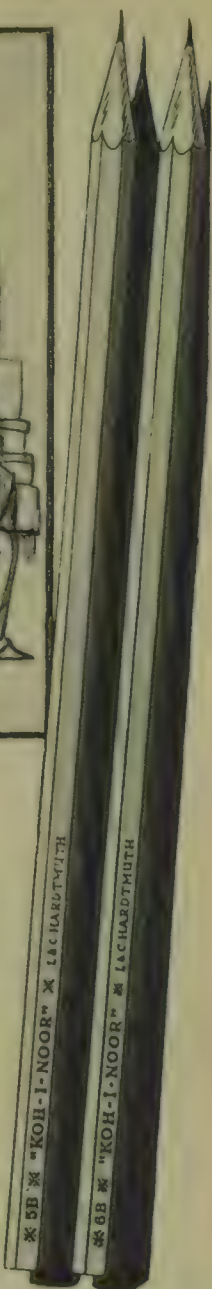
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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4019.—By BRIAN HARLEY.
2KtRb2; 4kt2B; 6Kt1; 3Ktq3; RQPrKt1; Kt1Pp2; 5B2; 8.
(In two moves.)

Key move: QKt7 (threat KtB6).
If 1. — QQ3ch, or Kt× either Kt ch, 2. PB5; if 1. — KtB3, 2. Kt×B; if 1. — KtB4, 2. KtKt4; if 1. — Q×Kt, 2. Q×Q; if 1. — Q×Pch, 2. Kt×Q; and if 1. — PQ7, 2. QKt1.

This pretty position, by the Chess Editor of *The Observer*, has caused many casualties, the effect of the various disclosed checks opened up by the Black Knight's moves, leaving the Black Q pinned, having been missed by several correspondents. Much praise has been bestowed upon it by the successful ones; but there was an adverse comment of "Too easy" from a gentleman who enclosed a wrong solution!

CHESS IN AMERICA.

This game won the brilliancy prize in the Metropolitan Chess League of New York. Score from the *American Chess Bulletin*.

(Reti's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. I. KASHDAN.)	BLACK (Mr. A. E. SANTASIERE.)	WHITE (Mr. I. KASHDAN.)	BLACK (Mr. A. E. SANTASIERE.)
1. KtKB3	KtKB3	this precaution is abandoned five moves later.	
2. PB4	PB3	19.	RK2
3. PPKt3	PQ4	20. QQ2	QKK1
4. PKt3	BB4	21. QR5	PQKt3
5. BKKt2	PKR3	22. QR3	
6. Castles	PK3	Threatening the QBP, and thus forcing an exchange of Queens.	
7. Bkt2	QKtQ2	22.	Q×Q
8. PQ4		23. B×Q	PB4

This move, too "forward," we think, for a Double Fianchetto, is the source of much of White's subsequent trouble.

8. BQ3
9. QKtQ2 QB2
10. KtR4

Endeavouring to force the exchange of one of the Black Bishops.

10. BR2
11. P×P KP×P
12. BKR3 Castles
13. KtB5 KKK1
14. Kt×B Q×Kt
15. KtB3 KtB1
16. KtK5

The Knight cannot be sustained here, and is driven away eleven moves later, with disadvantage.

16. KtK3
17. R1R1 KtK4
18. Bkt2 BB4
19. PB3

To keep out the Knights; but

19. This lets in the cavalry for a regular romp. P×P was probably better.

24. KtR6ch
25. KR1 KtK5
26. BB3

Probably intending to retreat the Knight to Kt4, which, however, would lose the exchange.

26. PB3
27. KtQ3 KtQ7
28. B×Pch KR2
29. BKKt2 Kt×R
30. B×Kt(B1) R×P
31. B×Kt

If B×R, R×B, with 32. BK5ch to follow.

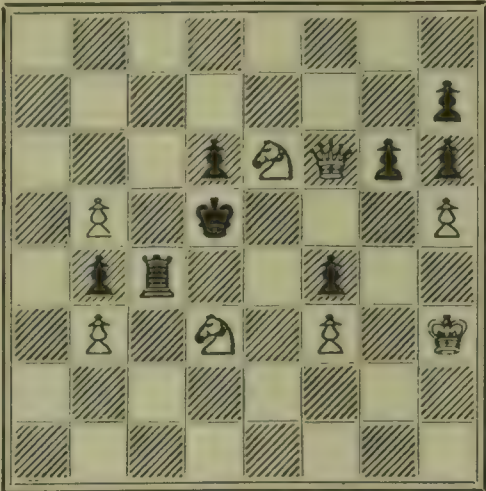
31. B×B
White resigns.

An excellent example of logical procedure against a violation of the principles of the opening.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF CHRISTMAS BONBONS have been received from T A Krishnamachari (Madras) (all six), and George Parbury (Singapore) (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6); of Problem No. 4015 from R E Broughall Woods (Kasempa); of No. 4016 from T A Krishnamachari and R E Broughall Woods; of No. 4017 from T A Krishnamachari,

and George Parbury (Singapore); of No. 4018 from John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), J S Almeida (Bombay), "Senex" (Darwen), and A Carington Smith (Quebec); of No. 4019 from N Sidebottom (Newlyn), H Burgess (St. Leonards), J M K Lupton (Richmond), Fernando Malendez (Ceuta), "Senex" (Darwen), A Edmeston (Llandudno), Fr. Fix (Birkenfeld), and F N (Vigo); and of No. 4020 from L W Cafferata (Newark), R B N (Hardwicke), A Edmeston (Llandudno), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), R P Nicholson (Crayke), P J Wood (Wakefield), J T Bridge (Colchester), E J Gibbs (London), E C Elderton (Okehampton), and Mrs. Rodger (Rutherglen).

PROBLEM No. 4021.—By T. C. EVANS.
BLACK (8 pieces).



WHITE (8 pieces).
In Forsyth notation: 8; 7p; 3pKtQpp; 1Ptk3P; 1Pr2p2; 1PrKt1PrK; 8, 8.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T A KRISHNAMACHARI (Madras).—Yes, like Father William, we are very old, but trust the marks of senility are not too apparent! We regret we have no space for more games, or for lengthy analytical notes. You may be a novice "over the board," but you have an introspective eye for the details of problem construction.
GEORGE PARBURY (Singapore).—The setting of Bon-Bon No. 4 is quite correct, QR8 being defeated by KK2.
E J GIBBS, and M S MAUGHAN.—In No. 4019 the reply to QB5 (a near try) is QQ3, pinning the Q, covering KB6, and enabling Black to interpose to the disclosed check.
JOHN MONTGOMERIE (Edinburgh).—We will examine the problems and report. They look quite promising for a first attempt.
J W M (Farnborough).—You do not state the number of the problem that KtK5 is supposed to solve, but it will not do for any published in this century.
SENEX (Darwen).—We will submit your suggestions to the Editor of the *I.L.N.*; but I am not optimistic! Emendation of No. 4017 too late, and your "solution" of No. 4020 is only a "near try."
REV. W SCOTT (Elgin).—For the second time we have received your letter unsigned, and have had to identify you by the postmark.

M E JOWITT (Grange-over-Sands).—Your suggested key to No. 4020 fails against KtB3.

ALEKHIN v. CAPABLANCA.

We have received from Printing Craft, 34, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, a copy of their latest publication, containing all the games in the recent championship match, beautifully printed and compactly bound, with excellent annotations by F. D. Yates (the British Champion) and W. Winter. No student should be without this little book, as, apart from the historic interest of the match, it produced almost revolutionary changes in the attack and defence of the Queen's Gambit, that sheet-anchor of match players.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE. (Continued from page 304.)

factory—it is good-bye to ideals, to the woman (a most touching, beautiful scene), but he has saved his honour, the sacred possession of a true English gentleman.

As already indicated—not only ethically, but dramatically, this play is one of great value; it rings true from beginning to end; it is flawless but for a little repetition of arguments in the second act; it is free from all theatricality; it is an achievement in its veracious, unvarnished, lively picture of adolescence as it is, lives, thrives, laughs, and mentally battles in countless young beings at the portals of manhood.

In Mr. Frank Lawton, who played Young Woodley, the producer, Mr. Basil Dean, has discovered an artist of gifts fringing on genius. His sincerity, his reticence, his heartfelt affliction in his hours of strife and discomfiture, moved us deeply. We felt the man in the shell of the boy. He lived the part—as we say in the theatre; and so did Miss Kathleen O'Regan, Irish by birth, Irish in her romantic being, in the peculiar purity of the race, who never degraded the *épanchement de cœur* in the love-scene to anything animal or repellent—a beautiful impersonation. But every player was in the right place—I wish that I could name and praise them all as they deserve. We came away impressed and rejoicing: impressed by the slice of life, so truly, so humanly carved from a particular angle; rejoicing at the arrival of a dramatist who sees life steadily, whole, and with an open mind. And now let us give thanks that the scales have fallen from censorial eyes!

P.S.—The World of the Theatre rejoices at the fact that, since the above article was begun, an appeal has been made to the Lord Chamberlain and the embargo on "Young Woodley" lifted in the most gracious terms and with congratulations on the acting. This decision reflects credit on all concerned, and, last but not least, on the tact and understanding of the Lord Chamberlain and his Examiner of Plays.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE USES OF WINTER.—THE NEW WOLSELEY.

IT may not be very evident on the face of it at the moment, but an English winter has its uses for the motorist. It may render his life on the roads a plague and make him wonder why on earth he bought a car at all, or why he ever takes out more than one quarterly license for it. We all pass through these moods, and I dare say that since the beginning of the easterly gales in November there has not been one of us who has not dreaded more than the shortest trip. Yet there is one very large class of motorist who has good reason to be thankful for the perfectly abominable conditions of the road in an average English winter—and that is the owner of a new car. Winter is quite invaluable for running-in a new engine.

No matter how often we have done it, there is no doubt about it that this business of running-in is a confounded nuisance. There is nothing in the least interesting about it, and it is simply an excessively disagreeable necessity. And with each new car it always seems to me that the whole boring affair gets more and more unpleasant. The more skilled you become in never exceeding stipulated speeds on different gears, the less interest you take in the process, and the more you look forward to the day of freedom when you can put your foot hard down. This is where winter comes in, to my thinking. There is very little temptation for any of us to do more than a crawl when the wind is howling round the car and the sleet is drumming on the windows and the roof, and

our feet and hands are numb and our spirits sunk to zero. Even if we are in a hurry the act of going faster than an absolute crawl always seems unendurably painful in winter.

There are cars, I am told, which are delivered to the customer completely run in. Except when they cost over £1000, I must confess that I have never met them. I should imagine that there must be very few of them, as this running-in process is one of the few things in the manufacture of machinery which cannot possibly be hurried. Engines can be run on the bench until everything is comfortably bedded down and in fit condition to withstand the maximum strains, but this is by no means a



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": A WOLSELEY "SILENT SIX," ON THE BRIDGE AT COMPTON VERNEY.

cheap process, requiring very careful supervision and being anything but a mass-production job.

Even if this is done in the moderate-priced class of car, you are still left with numbers of things in the running gear and the chassis which, while not requiring quite such careful treatment in the first thousand miles of their life, still need very gentle handling. All these things we are uncomfortably compelled to do, whether we like it or not, when we have bought our car—say, soon after the Motor Show—and are obliged to use it through November, December, January, and February. (There is no reason, I know very well, why the roads should be any pleasanter in March, but there are few things so depressing as adding up the number of months that go to form the average English winter.) Those of us who bought our cars three months ago should have them in good fettle for the sunny days.

THE NEW WOLSELEY SIX.

A comparatively new car which has made unusually long strides in popularity since it was first produced is the 2-litre six-cylinder Wolseley, the first series of which I tried some eighteen months ago and described in *The Illustrated London News*. It is a car with rather special characteristics, considering that it is sold at the now very familiar price of £495 for a large-size saloon. It is quite extraordinarily quiet. The engine's idle running is so hushed as to be practically noiseless. Indeed, only the other day I heard of a case where the owner drew up at his own front door, leaving the engine running, went into the house to get a rug, and, while he was putting this into the car, forgot that he had not stopped the engine and never noticed that it was still running. Two hours later he came out to drive away and actually pressed the button of the self-starter.

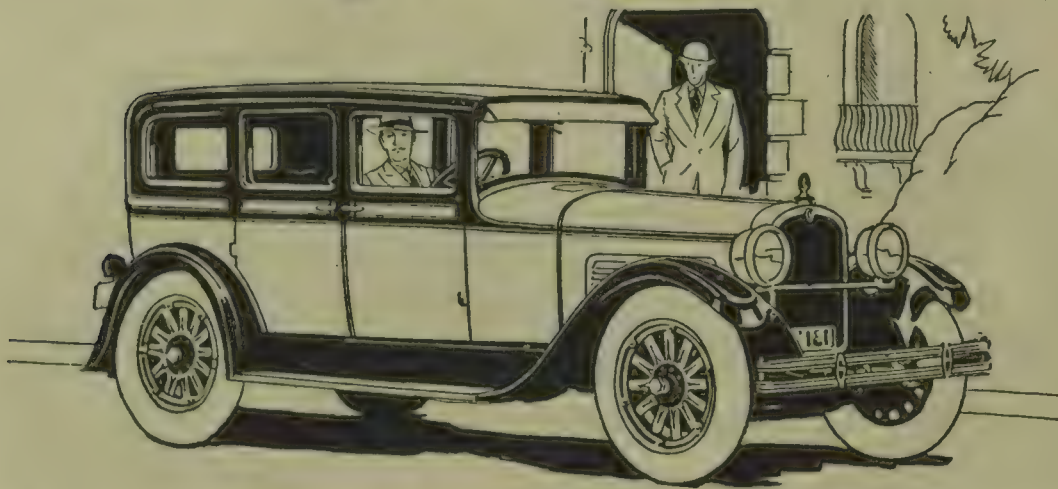
It is not, however, only in the idle running but when it is under load that I found that the Wolseley engine, which I was asked to try by the London agents (the Car Mart, Ltd.), was particularly quiet. There is nothing special about the design of the overhead valve gear, which is by overhead camshaft, nor about the aluminium alloy pistons, but the fact remains that this is a very quiet motor.

The bore and stroke are 65 by 101, which gives a cubic capacity of just over two litres and implies a £16 tax. The engine is a decidedly neat piece of work, with everything properly accessible. The S.U. carburetter is set high up on the near side, the inlet manifold being "hot spotted" by the exhaust, the pipe of which is led down at the forward end of the engine. Plugs and the

[Continued overleaf]

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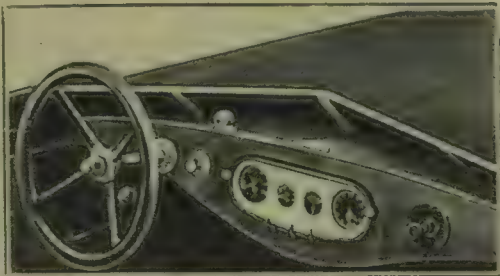
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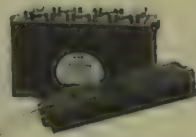
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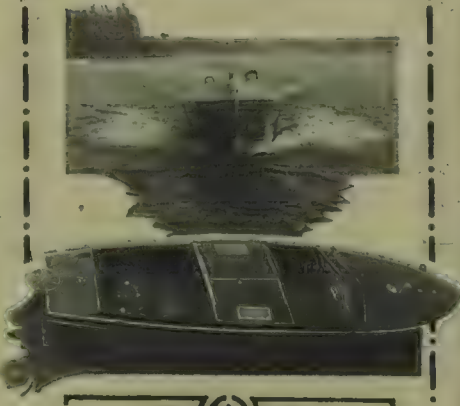
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18 ft., 16 m.p.h. Runabout
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Only the finest possible materials are used in the construction of this famous Runabout's Hull.

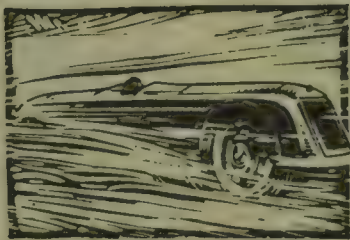
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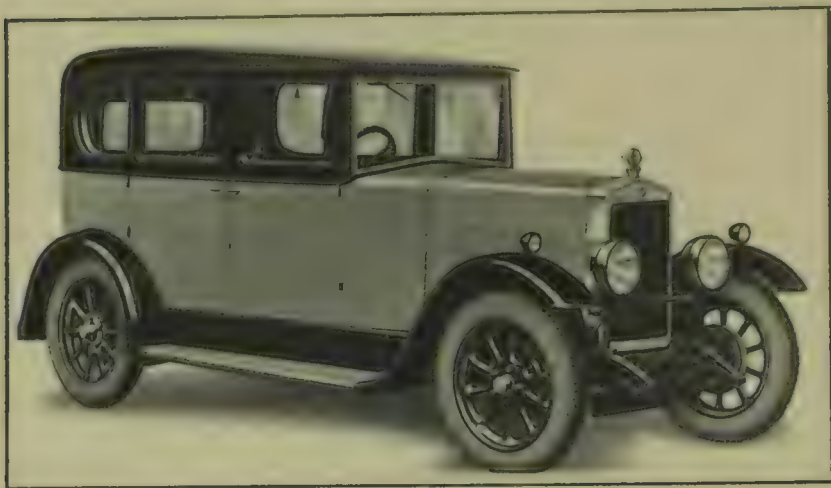
Continued. magneto are on the opposite side, the latter being set crosswise so that the make-and-break is properly accessible and driven by the same cross-shaft as the dynamo. The starter is mounted on a projection of the clutch casing. Cooling is by thermo-syphon with a fan.

The chassis throughout has a very solid appearance, and has a particularly stout cross-member behind the gear-box. The latter has central control, but the brake lever is on the right-hand side. The gearing is about normal for these days, top speed being 5 to 1; third, $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 1; second, $11\frac{1}{2}$ to 1; and first, 19 to 1, approximately. The wheel-base is 9 ft. 9 in., the body space being 8 ft. by 2 ft. 10 in. Suspension is by semi-elliptics with snubbers.

The Wolseley is certainly a very pleasant-mannered

car to drive. It will, with a little persuasion, do about a mile a minute, but its pleasantest maximum speed is about fifty-five. It will maintain this for long periods without showing any signs of distress, and it will pick up in a distinctly gratifying manner after a check and a slow-down to as low as ten miles an hour. Those who prefer to use the gear-box for the purpose for which it was intended will find the gear-change light and easy once the idiosyncrasies of the clutch are understood. These are neither serious nor easy to explain, but it will take an ordinary driver only a few minutes to be perfectly at home with it.

The only criticism I have to make against this car is that the body-work seems to me to be not so well finished as was that of the old Wolseley. The brakes, springing, and steering are all well up to the general standard of the car, and, whether you pay £495 for the saloon or £450 for the open touring car or the two-seater, you are not paying too much. — JOHN PRIOLEAU.



IMPROVED SINCE THE OLYMPIA SHOW, BUT NOT INCREASED IN PRICE:
THE NEW MORRIS SIX-CYLINDER.

The six-cylinder Morris car introduced at the last Olympia Motor Show was the subject of very favourable comment, and a large number of orders were received for it. While the car in the form in which it was shown would doubtless have met the demands of numerous motorists, Morris Motors (1926), Ltd., listened to the suggestions of both dealers and public, and as a result have since carried out many further improvements. The illustration shows the Morris "Six" Saloon in the form in which it will actually be produced and sold. At £395 as a saloon this new Morris model is wonderful value, and represents the last word in comfort and appearance. The Morris "Six" Coupé costs £385. The chassis price is £295. The revised model is now well advanced, and we understand that deliveries of the Saloon will start during March and of the Coupé model in April.

the waves and was drowned. He was washed ashore near Clemskerke, at the boundary between Coq-sur-Mer and Vlissegheem, "where the sea-currents bring the suicides of Ostend."

Then it happened: the second incredible thing. "On the 5th of July, 1922, when the corpse was carried from the seashore to the mortuary at Clemskerke for the legal declaration and the coffining, it had for a



A NEW GREYHOUND TROPHY: AN APPROPRIATE DESIGN FOR THE HURDLES.

This illustration shows the trophy recently presented by the proprietors of the "Sporting Life" for the Greyhound Hurdles Championship. It is of unusual and appropriate design, and is a fine example of modern craftsmanship. The trophy is produced in sterling silver, and was the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street.

shroud the carpet on which Léon Peltzer had spilled the blood of Bernays on the 7th January, 1882, at 159 rue de la Loi, Brussels."

How this came to be—this fateful winding-sheet for the unknown—is one of the surprises of "The Peltzer Case." It would be unfair to make disclosure here; as unfair as to tell the full story of the murder in all its sinuosities. That M. Gérard Harry has done—and done to admiration.

E. H. G.

flu!

After a sunless summer the threat of 'Flu' is greater than ever

A Doctor's 'flu Safety Hints

"Live and sleep in well-ventilated rooms, eat plenty of nourishing food, lead an open-air life if possible, gargle with disinfectants and use nasal washes; at the first feeling of illness go to bed at once." —Extract from Daily Press.

"SANITAS" FLUID IS THE IDEAL ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT FOR THIS PURPOSE!

Use it as a mouthwash and gargle every morning and evening. It is a cheap form of insurance against influenza.



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FERODO BRAKE LININGS are fitted by an overwhelming majority of car manufacturers. The severest tests have proved that no other kind of brake linings can withstand so much strain, wear and exposure. When you order your brakes to be relined with Ferodo Linings see that the name is stated on the invoice before you pay. Ferodo Linings are the original fabric brake linings and have kept pace with the progress of motoring. They have

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*Pure Virginia Tobacco
—selected, blended and
made under the super-
vision of the world's
leading experts.*

Wills'
GOLD FLAKE
THE ALL-VIRGINIA
CIGARETTE

THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

LAST POST. By FORD MADDOX FORD. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)

When Ford Maddox Ford confesses, introducing "Last Post," that Tietjens is still alive for him, he expresses not only himself, but a multitude of readers. The story of a fine spirit caught but not shattered by war is an immortal story. It was a tale in the telling in ancient Greece. Mr. Maddox Ford has put his finest work into the Tietjens series, and "Last Post" is at least worthy of its predecessors. After the burning fiery furnace come fumes and red-hot embers, and ashes. . . . We know that, who see blinded men and crippled men, and great houses toppling, and great families sonless and impoverished. Some of the smoke wreaths, twisting, dancing, take odd shapes, and some take the shapes of women. The women in "Last Post" sway across the slow dying of Mark, and the obstinate living of Christopher. The cruelty of Sylvia, the staunchness of Marie Léonie, are there, in the Sussex setting. And always at the instant when you are about to challenge the verity of the book, and to charge it with being an artist's fantasy, its stark realism rises before you. Laughter and tears, faith and unfaith, birth and death, are all in "Last Post," which we salute as the completion of a masterpiece.

THE BABYONS. By CLEMENCE DANE. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

"The Babyons" is not for the materialist. "There are more things in heaven and earth" may be tagged to it. It is a ghost story. But *what* a ghost story! It covers two hundred years. Its landscapes and its pageantry are superb. Its men and women, the Babyons of four generations, are vigorous with life, in 1775 as in 1906. This alone shows the tremendous strides Clemence Dane has made in her art. The weakness of her early books was that, while the women were vivid, the men fell short of actuality. The jealous madness of Hariot Babyon pursued her cousin Jamie and his bride to the death. She haunted them, and Jamie in his turn haunted the succeeding Babyons, a spectral horseman galloping furiously down the avenue, and

the precursor of disaster. All the bygone Babyons, the haunted and the hauntings, were penetrated by the implacable jealousy of Hariot. She it must have been who marshalled them to combine, dreadfully, against Antonina and her unborn child, so that there was no son to succeed Nicholas. With that accomplished, peace and quiet returned to Babyon Court. Miss Dane's handling of this difficult romance, which sustains its breathless interest through nearly four hundred pages of family intricacies, savours of witchcraft. Ghosts? The family curse? These are the incredible things with which she holds you spellbound.

THE STRANGE VANGUARD. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)

Whether the millionaires of the Five Towns are made or in the making, their racy quality comes through. There is nothing world-weary about them, reflected in the bright mirror of Arnold Bennett's observation. We all have our favourites. Denry, perhaps, and for choice at the seaside or chocolate stage. The pursuit of riches involves a certain liveliness not to be expected when they are attained. At least, not to be expected outside an Arnold Bennett book. "The Strange Vanguard" exhibits the Five Towns millionaire gorged, but not so gorged as to be unable to enjoy the terrific powers his wealth has conferred upon him. Stranger guests, kidnapped from an hotel (read the story to learn how) are swept into his marvellous existence. The Mediterranean provides scenery: Lord Furber is yachting, for reasons that, again, you must read "The Strange Vanguard" to discover. The women are valiant, deceitful, adorable; the men have just the touch of the child about them that makes an amazing world sparkle as it revolves. A Bennett world, be it understood; and as joyous a refuge from dreary skies and humdrum days as the novel-reader can hope to find.

ALL OR NOTHING. By J. D. BERESFORD. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

The stupefaction of the club men when James Bledloe harangued them on impulses to righteousness communicates itself to the critic. They asked themselves if this could be Bledloe the millionaire.

We ask ourselves if this is really J. D. Beresford. Not, however, for quite the same reason. Bledloe outraged club conventionality. Mr. Beresford does not violate the rules of novel-writing, seeing that novelists may, and do, preach any faith they please. The trouble with "All or Nothing" is that it is a dull book. It could not very well be otherwise. To work out the story of Bledloe's mission to his fellow-men, it has been necessary to follow him through the years before his great conviction came to him. In those years, as they are carefully described to us, he suffered a spiritual *malaise*. "All life seemed to him futile, worthless, empty." There was something to find, he knew, but he could not find it. Nothing was worth while. Games, sport, a career—a sick distaste overcame him at the thought of them. He moved in darkness, the dawn still hidden. His depression, being written down by Mr. Beresford, is excruciatingly convincing. It is boredom. And a novel that is a study of boredom through more than half its length fails in its ultimate intention. The illumination of James Bledloe comes too late to remove the unfortunate effect of his darkened years.

SO MUCH GOOD. By GILBERT FRANKAU. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

It is not clear why "So Much Good" is subtitled "A New Novel in a New Manner." The manner is not new; it is Gilbert Frankau, who is very well known to all of us. The gallant little Margery, who had, so conspicuously, "temperament," is not new: she is the eternal feminine, brought, of course, thoroughly up-to-date by divorces, running to and fro across the world, and a saleswoman's aptitude. Mr. Frankau is a modern, and he has a stout faith in his kind. Margery is a heroine when she runs away from a husband she did not love with a lover; she is a martyr when a later husband is false to her. This is queer morality, but it is very pretty juggling. Mr. Frankau can draw a bounder as well as any man. It might be his knowledge of this gift that makes him present a galaxy of bounders in "So Much Good." Margery did not mind them, apparently, and she had a peculiar attraction for them. They set one's teeth on edge at times; but "So Much Good" is very smart.

The Pearl of the Riviera.

10 minutes from Monte Carlo.

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and d'Angleterre.**

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In large Sunny Garden—full South. Modern. Spacious. One of Mentone's Finest Hotels. Sixty Suites, all Self-contained. Motor Car. Renowned Cuisine and Attendance.

**Well-known Best-class
English Family Hotel.**

**Hotel des
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Open all the year.

Sea Front—Full South—Sunny Garden.

Entirely Renovated. Every Room has Running Water (Hot and Cold). 50 Private Bath Rooms.

Restaurant. Tennis. Garage.



**Hotel du
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Adjoining Public Gardens through great Palm Avenue.

Close to Casino. Entirely renovated. Full South. Spacious. Modern Renowned Cuisine. Tennis. Terms Moderate.

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This famous English Hotel, greatly enlarged in 1924, has now 200 South Rooms. 75 Baths. Noted Cuisine. Large Sunny Garden.

Royal & Westminster.

Sea Front.

Up-to-date Family Hotel. Large Garden. Full South.

M. Prop.: J. B. Hagen.

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Rather Elevated.

Long a Noted First-Class Family Hotel. All Modern Comforts. Excellent Cooking. Fine Garden and Views.

Motor Service to and from Casino and Trains.

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Highest and Sunniest Situation. 750 ft. alt. Funicular free to Residents.

Cecil—Sea Front.

Sunny & Sheltered.

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Small, up-to-date.

The very best, yet moderate.

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Well-known Family Hotel. Entirely Renovated. Running Water (H. & C.). Suites re-decorated. Renowned Cuisine and Attendance. Full South. Garden on Sea Front. Modern Comforts. Restaurant.

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Very Comfortable, yet Moderate. 100 South Rooms. Running Water. 30 Baths.

Centre of Town in Pleasant Garden.

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Enlarged and Renovated during Summer, 1923. Running Water (H. & C.) in all bed and dressing-rooms. Private Bath Rooms (self-contained). Dining Room facing Sea Front. Garden. Renowned Cuisine.

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SEA FRONT, WEST BAY.

Charming Modern English Family Hotel. All latest comforts. Private Suites (self-contained). Grand Views.

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Old Established English Family Hotels, situated in Garavan Bay. Full South, facing sea and surrounded by a large Sunny Garden. 100 Rooms with Running Water. Central Heating. Tennis. Garage. Auto Bus.

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Very attractive Modern Hotel with all latest improvements.

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In Large, Quiet Garden.

Re-decorated. Many Suites all self-contained. Up-to-date Hotel. Superior Cuisine.

Terms Moderate.

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Facing Public Gardens and Casino.

First-class Family Hotel. Running Water throughout. 30 Suites, all self-contained. Renowned Restaurant. Moderate Charges. Swiss Management.

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Latest Comfort. Best Cooking. Large Sunny Garden. Moderate Terms.

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Planned by engineers who were also idealists – Basic Balance their ideal. For Basic Balance is the proper combination of *all* the points looked for in the perfect car – speed, power, appearance, smoothness, economy; not one of these virtues achieved at the expense of another. Let us show you the new Vauxhall 20-60 – the car that has accomplished this ideal. We are the London distributors of this motoring

masterpiece – that car that everyone is talking about. We have these new Vauxhalls here for you to see – for you to be driven out in or to drive yourself. We have the full range to show you. Prices from £475! The first time any six-cylinder Vauxhall has been sold under £1,000! Call as soon as you can. Or send a postcard for a complete catalogue of this epoch-making car.

180 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1

SHAW & KILBURN

LTD.

LONDON DISTRIBUTORS FOR VAUXHALL MOTORS

RADIO NOTES.

RADIO enthusiasts who own multi-valve receivers may now entertain friends with music and other items from the loud-speaker either when broadcasting stations are closed down or on occasions when the broadcast programme does not appeal. In fact, by the special method about to be described, the enthusiast may become his own broadcaster and select a programme of favourite numbers which he knows will satisfy everyone present.

acoustical properties inherent in any form of gramophone are of no account for the particular purpose with which we are dealing. It is essential, however, that the motor should be capable of turning the record at a uniform speed and that the tone-arm should not shake in the mounting where the larger end of the arm is attached to the amplifying chamber or horn.

The sound-box of the ordinary gramophone has a mica diaphragm which is made to vibrate when the needle-point traverses the record groove, which, if examined through a magnifying glass, will show the

the gradually expanding area of the tone-arm, and later by the amplifying chamber or horn of the gramophone.

By removing the ordinary sound-box and substituting a magnetic "pick-up" (in which the usual needle is inserted), the mechanical vibrations of the needle are repeated by an armature which is in close proximity to one or more poles of an electro-magnet. Thus the vibrations of the armature create minute electrical impulses in the wire which surrounds the magnet-coils. These impulses are conveyed from the "pick-up" by two leads which are plugged into the



A SEA ELEPHANT AT SIMON'S TOWN, CAPE PROVINCE: A 15-FT. SPECIMEN OF THE LARGEST OF THE PINNIPED CARNIVORA.

The Elephant Seal is the largest of the pinniped carnivora, and an old male may measure from twenty to twenty-two feet from the tip of the snout to the end of the outstretched flippers. It belongs to the true, or earless, seals. Its fur is of no value, but the body yields a considerable quantity of oil. Its peculiar feature is the short proboscis of the male, which has the nostrils at its extremity.

This new form of home entertainment is made possible with the aid of the gramophone and a little device generally known as a magnetic "pick-up," which is clipped to the tone-arm of the gramophone in place of the usual sound-box. It is not even essential that the gramophone should be an expensive one, as the

irregularities on either side of the groove which cause the needle-point to vibrate very rapidly whilst the record is rotating. The mechanical vibrations of the needle point are conveyed to the mica diaphragm, which vibrates in sympathy, and thus creates small sound-waves, which are amplified by progressing through



HIS MAJESTY'S MAIL ATTACKED BY ELEPHANTS IN NORTHERN RHODESIA: THE POST-OFFICE CAR AFTER THE CHARGE.

The Post Office car here seen in its damaged state was on its regular journey from Fort Jameson, Northern Rhodesia, to rail-head, and was rumbling along at night when a herd of elephants appeared on the scene. The great beasts made a dash for the car. The native driver and his assistant ran for their lives; and almost immediately an elephant charged the radiator. The next day the car was discovered as it is here shown. The mails were safe.

detector socket of the radio receiver. When the gramophone is started and the receiver switched on, the low-frequency valves amplify the minute current arriving from the pick-up, and thus the record is reproduced at good strength from the loud-speaker, and, moreover, with extraordinarily fine quality.

(Continued overleaf.)

Make it a rule to add a little Oxo

It's surprising what a wonderful difference Oxo makes to plain ordinary fare. Tasty, nourishing dishes can be prepared from the simplest ingredients by adding a little Oxo.

Oxo gives the appetising richness and savour of freshly cooked beef to any dish of which it forms a part. It is concentrated beef at its best—the Housewife's Great Economy.

OXO PIE

Stew together 3 tablespoons rice, 2 tablespoons lentils, 3 onions, 2 Oxo cubes, 2 parsnips, until quite soft, with pint of water, and place in a pie-dish with short crust on top, if desired; bake, and serve with baked potatoes.

Oxo Cookery Book FREE
Write Oxo Ltd.
Thames House, London, E.C.4

The Oxo Habit

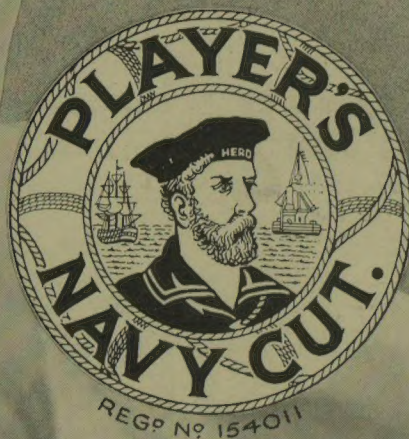


OXO

-The Goodness of Beef

Really Nice Girls smoke PLAYER'S CORK TIPPED

Fascinating



*Player's
cork-tipped
Please!*

10 for 6^p * 20 for 11^{1p}/₂
50 for 2/5

'It's the Tobacco that Counts'

Continued.]

Gramophone records are now electrically recorded, and the full benefit of this remarkable advance in recording methods can be had in the radio set by reproducing by the electrical "pick-up" method described above. The writer has carried out many experiments with different "pick-ups," and is much impressed with the performance of the latest type, which is now available to the public and known as the Amplion Vivavox. The Vivavox is a very neat and efficient little apparatus, quite as light in weight as any good sound-box, and is easily attachable to the gramophone tone-arm.

The matter of the weight of a "pick-up" is one to be carefully considered before purchase, as a heavy one will quickly wear out the records. In addition to the Vivavox itself, a "Volume Control" is supplied, and this is small enough to rest near the gramophone turn-table. By rotating the knob of the control from left to right, the music issuing from the loud-speaker may be varied from soft to full strength as desired. The leads from the control terminate in a small plug which is inserted in the radio receiver after removing the detector valve. Then the detector valve is inserted into the top of the plug, and the radio set is ready for gramophone reproduction.

The quality of reproduction, as obtained by using the Vivavox in conjunction with an Amplion or other good loud-speaker of the cone type, leaves nothing to be desired, for the sound, whether it be instrumental, vocal, or otherwise, reproduces with a richness of tone quality, especially in the bass, akin to the original performance.

It may be of interest to point out that there is no need for the gramophone to be situated close to

the radio set, as, by connecting "pick-up" leads of the necessary length, the gramophone may be operated in a room other than that in which the receiver is installed.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"JUDITH OF ISRAEL," AT THE STRAND.

IN choosing for dramatic treatment such a subject as "Judith of Israel," Mr. de Marnay Baruch starts with the advantage of a fine story—one of the world's great stories—at once romantic and spectacular. Judith, the high-spirited Jewess who saves her native city of Bethulia when under siege by entering the camp of the Assyrian enemy and returning with the head of the besieging army's general, Holofernes, is a heroine obviously made for drama. It is her story that Mr. Baruch re-tells, changing, however, Judith from a young widow into a betrothed maiden, and making her victim a king, not a general, to whom the new name of Arrophernes is given. Perhaps the exaltation of the enemy leader's rank does not matter, but Mr. Baruch misses a point in taking away from Judith her widow's weeds and not letting her discard them herself in preparation for her task, as does the Apocryphal narrator. But his other variations are of more serious account. His Judith falls in love with her Arrophernes at sight of him, and we are to suppose that it is with tragic grief that she eyes the rejoicings of her people when, denounced by her jealous lover, she goes out, with her blind mother, an exile into the desert. Worse, however, than the sentimentality of the story and its heroine is the jargon in which it is

written—pseudo-Biblical jargon of the "Yea, verily" type. Mr. Lewis Casson lends some manliness and air of authority to Arrophernes. But of a Judith so reduced in stature and so robbed of single-mindedness as is Mr. Baruch's Judith, Miss Sybil Thorndike finds it difficult to make much—one would have liked to hear her render the "Song of Triumph," which finds no place, of course, in the Strand version of the romance.

"THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR," AT THE LITTLE.

Playgoers have had a chance this week of seeing at the Little Theatre the most moving war play of our time. This is "The Unknown Warrior," and if only its author, M. Paul Raynal, could have maintained throughout the rest of his work the level of emotional intensity and lyrical beauty reached in his first act, it could have been hailed without any exaggeration as a masterpiece. For during that act, at least, its three characters—doomed soldier, soldier's fiancée, and soldier's father—are something more than characters or symbols; they are living beings, whose words and acts and sufferings affect us as poignantly as though they were part of our own experience. When the heroine gives herself to her lover in a transport of self-sacrifice, when the lover calls on his dead comrades to witness what is for him virtual marriage, we are rapt in their own mood of exaltation and realise afresh the feelings of youth caught in the trap of the Great War. Remarkable acting on the part of Miss Rosalinde Fuller remains a feature of the production, which also employs the services of Mr. Huntley Wright and Mr. Maurice Browne, the latter of whom has moments that are highly impressive.

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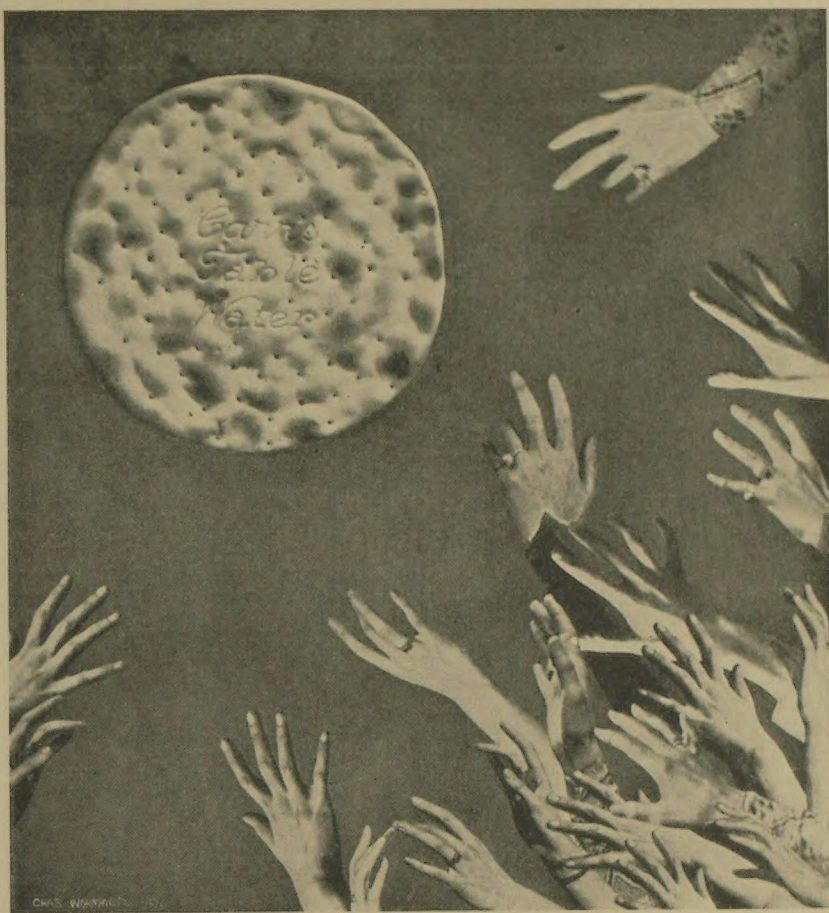
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